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Together

DECEMBER 1964

FOR METHODIST FAMILIES

Silent Nigh

A carol that traveled around the world was born one Christmas Eve in the Austrian village of Oberndorf, as a surprise for church members.

Town

WITH A HOLE in the bellows, the organ in the parish church at Oberndorf could not be played. Fortunately, the trouble was discovered in time. Otherwise, there might not have been any music for the Christmas Eve service that night.

Earlier that day Joseph Mohr, the young assistant priest, had blessed a newborn child in the village. Perhaps that gave him inspiration, a few hours later, to write some lines for the first stanza of a poem: *Holy Infant, so tender and mild, / Sleep in heavenly peace...* Five stanzas he put together. Then he took the new poem to his friend and church organist, Franz Gruber, a schoolteacher in neighboring Arnsdorf. Would he compose a suitable melody?

There in the living room at the school where Gruber taught, shown as it is today on this month's cover, a musical score was written for two voices and guitar.

The world is more joyous because fortunate circumstances brought these two men together to collaborate in that December of 1818. Both had grown up in the foothills of the eastern Alps in Austria—Joseph Mohr, son of a musketeer for the Archbishop of Salzburg, and Franz Gruber, son of a poor linen weaver of Unterweizberg.

Near midnight, after the congregation had gathered in Oberndorf's St. Nicholas Church that Christmas Eve, Father Mohr and Organist Gruber stood up. Accompanied by soft strokes of a guitar, they began singing, and for the first time the world heard the words and music of *Silent Night, Holy Night.*

Today, 146 years later, a chapel stands where St. Nicholas Church stood until it was torn down in 1899. Silent Night Chapel, snow covered in the picture at left, is a memorial to the creators of the unforgettable song you will be hearing again this Christmas. □

Words on Mohr's tomb (top right) in Wagrain, Austria, where he died in 1848, read: "Dedicated to the poet of the unforgettable Christmas song, Vicar Joseph Mohr." A stained-glass window (center) in Oberndorf's Silent Night Chapel recognizes Franz Gruber, the schoolmaster who composed the melody. A Citizen Guard brass ensemble (bottom) plays in Hallein, near Salzburg, where Gruber died after serving as choir leader for almost 30 years.

What's so special about Christmas this year? You are...when you bake them a Christmas stollen. What do you put into it? Well...time. And love. And Fleischmann's Yeast. What do you get out of it? Well...love. Smiles. Even thanks.

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CHRISTMAS STOLLEN

1 package Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast
¾ cup warm water (105°-115°F.)
½ cup sugar ½ teaspoon salt 3 eggs
1 egg yolk (set the white aside)
½ cup (1 stick) Fleischmann's Margarine
3½ cups unsifted Gold Medal Flour or Wondra
½ cup chopped Planters Blanched Almonds
¼ cup chopped citron
¼ cup chopped candied cherries
¼ cup raisins 1 tbsp. grated lemon peel
2 tablespoons Fleischmann's Margarine
1 tbsp. water confectioners' sugar frosting

Dissolve Fleischmann's Yeast in warm water. Add sugar, salt, eggs, egg yolk, ½ cup softened margarine, half the flour. Beat 10 min. at medium speed on mixer or by hand. Scrape bottom and sides of bowl often.

Blend in rest of flour, almonds, fruits, lemon peel. Cover; let rise in warm draft-free place until doubled, about 1½ hours. Stir down batter by beating 25 strokes. Cover tightly; refrigerate overnight.

On well floured board divide dough in half. Press each half into a 10 x 7-inch oval. Spread ovals with 2 tablespoons softened margarine. Fold each in two longways. Firmly press folded edges only. Place on greased baking sheets. Brush with slightly beaten egg white mixed with 1 tablespoon water. Let rise in warm draft-free place until doubled in bulk, about 1 hour.

Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) for 20 minutes, or until done. When cool frost with confectioners' sugar frosting. If desired, decorate with whole Planters Blanched Raw Almonds, citron and candied cherries. Makes 2 beautiful Christmas Stollens.

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The Church in Action

African Methodism Matures Under Continuing Crisis

Methodism's first Africa-born bishop, John W. Shungu, was consecrated at Mulungwishi in the Congo Republic.

The News: In its 131st year in Africa, Methodism is growing up fast in the face of a political climate that changes daily, rebellion against vestiges of colonialism and racism, communist influence in politics, and a stirring of other great religions on what used to be called the "dark continent."

The new outlook on Africa south of the Sahara that these conditions dictate was clearly seen August 27 to September 4 at the quadrennial meeting of the Africa Central Conference. The 54 delegates represented over 135,000 Methodists in five Methodist annual conferences in the Congo Republic (Léopoldville), Southern Rhodesia, Angola, Mozambique, and the Republic of South Africa.

For the first time, African bishops were elected. Two additional bishops, for a total of four, were authorized by the 1960 and 1964 General Conferences to provide episcopal supervision for both Angola and Mozambique, where for three years it has been impossible to send new missionaries.

Caught in the cross fire of a Congo rebellion that took the life of one missionary, Methodist leaders shifted the Central Conference meeting from Katubue in the central region to Mulungwishi in Katanga Province and postponed its opening for one week. Bishop Newell S. Booth, who now heads the Harrisburg (Pa.) Area, flew to Africa to make his last episcopal address and to conduct the conference with Bishop Ralph E. Dodge. Bishop Booth had 34 years of missionary service there, including 20 as an episcopal leader. Bishop Dodge was reelected on the first ballot for a four-year term (church law in Africa) to administer Southern Rhodesia, from which he recently was deported. Since then he has made headquarters in Kitwe, Northern Rhodesia. Three new episcopal leaders were chosen.

Back in the United States, Bishop Booth cited as evidences of African Methodism's maturity the strong leadership by nationals, thorough commitment to Methodism's current quadrennial program, "One Witness in One World," the interest of African Methodists in missions and local financial responsibility, and their growing influence in the life of the countries where they live.

Only one new bishop could be consecrated at the conference. He was the Rev. John Wesley Shungu, assigned to the two Congo annual conferences to replace Bishop Booth. Probably for the first time in history, a Roman Catholic archbishop, Monsignor Cornelis of the Elisabethville Archdiocese, witnessed the consecration of a Methodist bishop. Archbishop Cornelis later spoke to the delegates at a dinner, addressing them as, "My dear brothers in Christ."

Background: The old Africa of mud huts, disease, poverty, tribal war, ignorance, and white conquerers is passing. In the African struggle for Africa, 36 nations had achieved freedom by October 24, when Northern Rhodesia became independent under the new name Zambia. Nationalism has been the most significant development since World War II.

Earliest Methodist contacts in Africa south of the equator were made in 1885 by Bishop William Taylor on a self-supporting mission. By 1920, the work had extended to the five countries that are now the Africa Central Conference. When Congo independence came in 1960, the Methodist mission, to the surprise of some, was ready to stand on its own feet despite continuing crisis.

During the colonial days, Christian missionaries were the only people who built below the institutional level, and their influence was cultural as well as theological. It is the missionaries, as every African knows, who built the foundations of the educational system on this vast continent, more than three times the size of continental United States. Mis-

Former secessionist Moise Tshombe of Katanga (being interviewed) is trying as premier to unify the Congo Republic, part of which is in rebel hands.

sionaries taught Africans to read and write, and these students became the government clerks, traders, pastors, and ultimately the national leaders and businessmen of the new Africa. Much remains to be done: 25 million of the 175 million Africans south of the Sahara, for example, are school-age children, yet only half attend schools. But today, Methodist missionaries are working in close partnership with the citizens of the new nations to proclaim the Gospel and provide educational and medical services.

In the Congo Republic: International attention has been on Léopoldville, where Moise Tshombe returned last July after the pullout of United Nations troops to become the fourth premier. Plagued with rebellion some believe to be communist backed, this man who 18 months ago seemed so determined to split off Katanga Province from the republic is trying to weld the Congo into unity and to prepare for national elections next spring. He is a product of a Methodist mission school.

At this writing, rebels hold important Stanleyville in the northeast. They go into a village or town, liquidate local officials, and put their men in control. Seat of rebel activity is in Brazzaville.

When the Central Congo Annual Conference met late in July in Wembo Nyama, it celebrated the 50th anniversary of the large Methodist mission station there, started by Bishop Walter Lambuth with permission of Chief Wembo Nyama. Only six days later Mulelist rebels took over the village, killing the Rev. Burleigh Law, Jr., missionary pastor and pilot, on the air strip. Other missionaries and their families on the station were arrested.

Later, wives and children were released, for a ransom, and were flown out of the mission by two other daring missionary pilots, one a Presbyterian. In early October, government troops recaptured the town and found all five men safe. No word was received, however, about African church leaders who also had been captured.

In the past, as many as 200 Methodist missionaries served in the Congo. When the central region was overrun in 1960 by bands of soldiers, 88 missionaries were evacuated. In subsequent months, 28 returned. Now, all have been assigned work in the Southern Congo Conference until they can go north again.

Meanwhile, a 16-man special missionary task force is being trained in Belgium for service in Congo. All are young single men, headed by the Rev. Jon Guthrie of Fort Smith, Ark., an experienced Congo missionary. The team will be maneuverable, prepared to stay on and stick it out whatever the political situation. Mainly they expect to do educational work in secondary schools. After orientation in Brussels, where they are concentrating on language, they will go next July to the Congo and replace missionaries who have found it difficult to continue because of family situations.

There are 57,100 Methodists in the two Congo conferences, and the decision of the Central Conference was that Bishop Shungu, an African, should administer both as an expression of unity in the face of the temporary cutoff of missionary activity. At the present time, there are no restrictions on churches in the Congo. Missionaries have had some difficulty getting visas, but this seems to be a routine problem of government during a time of upheaval.

Plans are continuing for the Protestant University under leadership of the Congo Protestant Council. If it is not possible to open the school in Stanleyville as planned, courses will be given in Léopoldville.

In Southern Rhodesia: White-dominated Southern Rhodesia is ruled by Premier Ian Smith's Rhodesian Front government, committed to continued white domination and to independence. The country is now a British Crown Colony, autonomous, but with British protection for certain African rights. The Rhodesian Front seeks independence with supremacy of 225,000 whites over 3,600,000 Africans.

The Methodist Rhodesia Conference, with 18,300 church members, has warned the government that secession from Britain would be an act of rebellion. The Front Party has vowed to gain freedom "in one way or another." Any hope of avoiding racial war may have gone down the drain in October, when moderate Sir Roy Welensky decisively lost a crucial local election to a member of Ian Smith's government.

Methodists have called for a constitutional conference, in accord with the Christian doctrine of dignity and equality for all men, and for a government based on self-determination.

The church is well-organized in Southern Rhodesia, with 40,000 students in its mission schools. Because of this, the people know where The Methodist Church stands. Bishop Dodge, a missionary to Africa since 1936 when he was assigned to Angola, was deported from Southern Rhodesia in August without explanation and classified as a "prohibited immigrant." More than 50 white clergymen from other denominations protested. "Bishop Dodge was leading Africans to green pastures where they were not supposed to graze," wrote one local African columnist.

Restrictions so far have been only on missionary personnel, not on the church itself, which is now functioning under African leadership.

In Angola: Portugal was the first European power to establish colonies on African soil. The end results of 500 years of Portuguese colonial rule in Angola are illiteracy, poverty, and complete subjection to alien rule.

Since the first open revolt by Africans in 1961, which became a blood bath in the northern part of the country, Methodist leaders estimate that one fourth of their constituents have been killed, wounded, imprisoned, or driven from their homes to become refugees in neighboring nations.

Methodism in Angola is a church in dispersion. The 35 missionaries there in 1961 have dwindled to 4, who have stayed at their posts long beyond usual terms of service because they know they will not be readmitted if they leave the country.

Some local Methodist leaders, and

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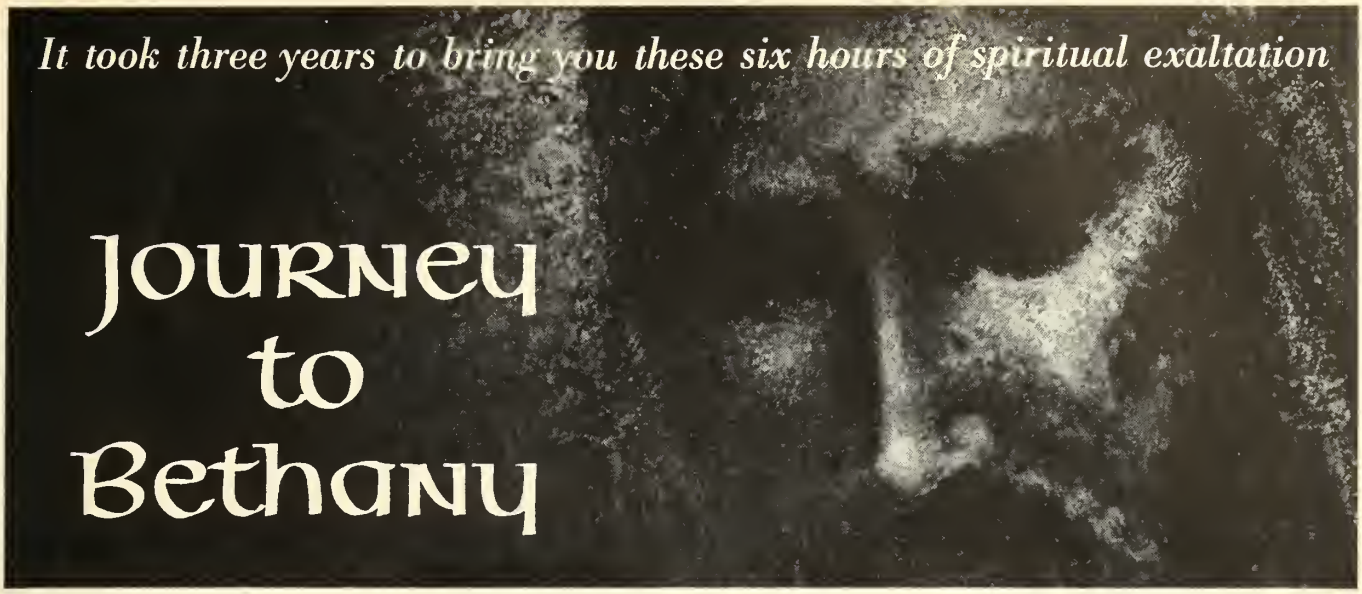

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other Protestants, are in a prison camp at Serpa Pinto in the south; others are in prisons in Luanda. But many are in virtual exile in the deep forests of northern Angola. Others are in exile among students in Europe and the U.S. But even in prisons and refugee camps, the work of the church continues.

Upwards of 250,000 Angolan refugees have flooded into Congo and other parts of Africa, and tens of thousands still are pouring in, hungry and poorly dressed, sometimes with battle wounds.

When the rebellion broke out in 1961, Protestants, at best only tolerated before, became scapegoats for the Portuguese government. Social centers and churches were burned or torn down. Many pastors and laymen were arrested and many killed.

Reports of arrests have diminished in recent months as Portugal, whose colonial practices have been under fire in the United Nations, seems to be trying desperately to create a new image.

A 41-year-old Norwegian Methodist missionary, the Rev. Harry P. Andreassen, was elected by the Central Conference as bishop of Angola. Bishop Dodge, whose former area had included Angola, had been denied entry for three years. The new episcopal leader will have to administer the work for the present without being consecrated as a bishop, which would require his leaving the country.

In Mozambique: In early October, there still had been no mass anti-government rebellion in Portuguese-dominated Mozambique, as there has been in Angola. But Dr. Eduardo Mondlane, who heads the FRELIMO independence group, announced that a co-ordinated guerrilla revolt would be launched before the end of the rainy season this fall. Portuguese troops keep a watchful eye, and the church there is under a good many restrictions which come and go like waves, responsive to statements about Angola by other governments and other political considerations. No new missionaries have been permitted entry since the uprisings in Angola. Only one missionary doctor now serves the 30-bed hospital at Cambine. But between 20 and 25 missionaries are still at work in the country. There are 19,527 Methodists in the Southeast Africa Conference, which includes Johannesburg.

It has been possible to conduct the annual conference session each year, but the church is restricted in holding meetings, starting schools, and travel.

Elected as bishop for Mozambique was the Rev. Escrivao Zunguze, who was not present at the Central Conference meeting in Mulungwishi. He was consecrated later by Bishop Dodge and local ministers in Kitwe, Northern Rhodesia.

In South Africa: Work of The Methodist Church in Johannesburg, Republic of South Africa, grew out of the mission in Mozambique, where many workers are recruited for work in the diamond mines. So far no restrictions have been placed on the work, although there are some inconveniences due to the involvement of two governments and supervision of the work from Mozambique.

Earlier this year, a statement was read in Methodist churches (those affiliated with British Methodism) in Johannesburg attacking a law allowing the government to move Africans from one place to another without consent. So far there have been no repercussions to that or to the installation of an African as president of South Africa's Methodist Conference.

Significance: The Central Africa Conference made no move for immediate autonomy, such as that granted Methodists in Indonesia late last summer. But steps were taken to strengthen the Central Conference.

African Methodists see this as the best course at the moment, but they look toward becoming part of a United Church with other denominations. Meanwhile, they will work to establish better relations with them.

African Methodists see the possibility of becoming an autonomous affiliated church as a possible next step toward the ultimate goal of participation in a united church. With that in mind, they want all missionary housing, property, and equipment turned over to local churches. They feel ready to assume responsibilities and want no foreign fingers controlling the work. But they still need and want the missionaries.

"Even if all pastoral leadership were taken away, not a single African congregation would go without worship and preaching," says Bishop Booth. "Pastoral leadership always can be renewed out of the laity."

Under colonialism, Christianity generally had protection that gave it a dominant status, even though it was a minority religion. Now that the African has freedom to choose, it will be a minority religion in a pluralistic society. Missionary and national leaders of Methodism in Africa hope and believe that it will continue to put its distinctive mark on the life of Africa in the future, as it has in the past.

While the exact course of Methodism's future in Africa is uncertain, the Rev. C. Melvin Blake, Africa secretary of the World Division of the Methodist Board of Missions, declares:

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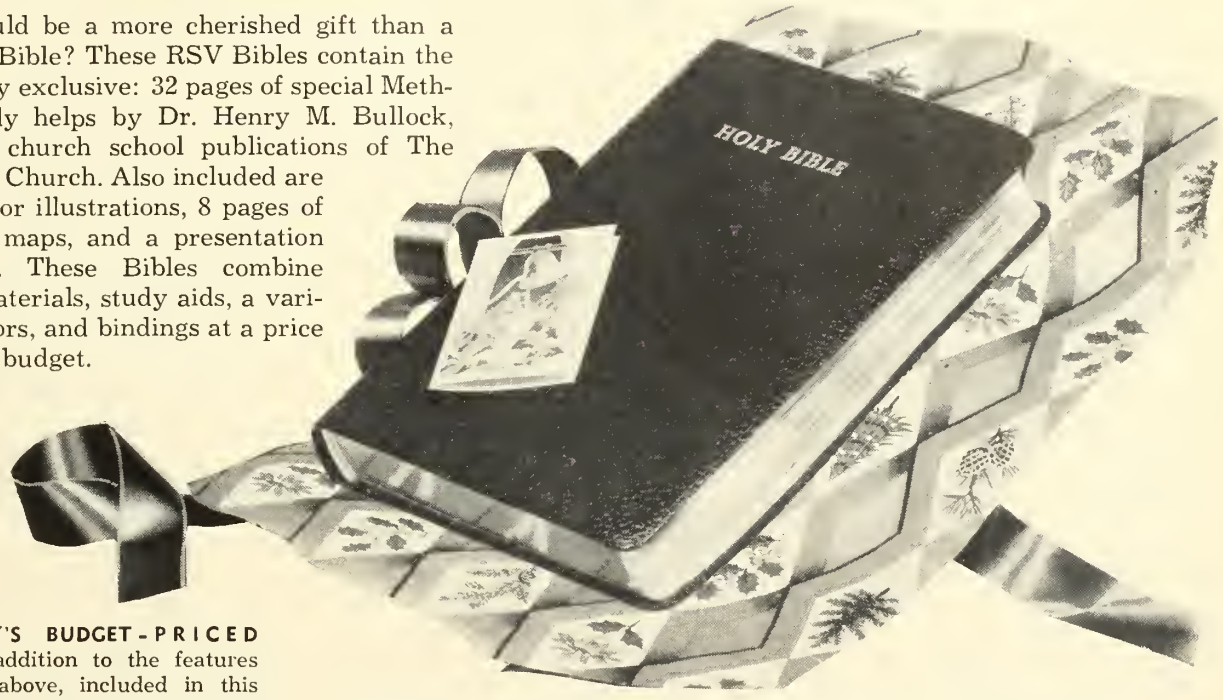

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"I very deeply believe that the coming years, possibly the next 8 or 10, are going to be some of the most fruitful years in the life of the church in Africa. But they will not be easy years, and we need to be spiritually alert and alive in order for God to work through us."

Missions Board Streamlined For Unity at All Levels

At a history-making September meeting in Chicago, the Methodist Board of Missions steamlined itself in line with 1964 General Conference action. The new structure is the result of months of study by the board, including consultations with Methodists overseas.

Instead of four coequal general secretaries, the board's work will be directed by one, with four associate general secretaries heading reorganized World, National, and Woman's divisions and the Joint Commission on Education and Cultivation.

Top job is held by Mrs. Porter Brown of Salina, Kans., who was general secretary of the Woman's Division of Christian Service.

The four associate general secretaries are Dr. Tracey K. Jones, Jr., World Division; Dr. J. Edward Carothers, National Division; and Dorothy McConnell, Woman's Division. Dr. Gerald L. Clapsaddle was reelected to direct the Joint Commission on Education and Cultivation.

The board's treasurer is Dr. H. Conwell Snoke, former general secretary of the Division of National Missions.

For years the Woman's Division of Christian Service, while a vital part of the Methodist Board of Missions, has operated as a separate unit, from fund-raising at the local-church level and promotion of programs to hiring and directing its missionaries.

The new Woman's Division will mainly handle promotion work and oversee Woman's Society of Christian Service activity at the local-church level. It will continue to receive and disburse funds for projects it recommends to the board. Direct support and supervision of missionary programs, plus some work by sections of the former Woman's Division, now are merged in the World and National Divisions and the Joint Commission. One result is the elimination of dual administration on the mission field.

New people on the board's staff are Dr. J. Harry Haines, a director of the Advance; Betty Thompson, executive secretary of communication; Dr. Harold Neel, director of education and leadership development; the Rev. David Briddell, associate director of visual education; and Peggy Billings, Woman's Division secretary for Christian Social Relations.

Executive secretaries were appointed for mission fields in Asia and Africa.

Dr. Henry C. Sprinkle, coeditor of *World Outlook*, becomes director of the board's editorial and literature department. Arthur J. Moore, Jr., was named *World Outlook* editor.

New Board of Missions president is Bishop Roy H. Short of Louisville, succeeding Bishop Richard C. Raines of Indianapolis. Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke of New York is president of the World Division; Mrs. Glenn E. Laskey of Ruston, La., of the Woman's Division; and Bishop W. Ralph Ward of Syracuse, N.Y., of the National Division.

National Group to Counter Ultra-Right Propaganda

An intensive program to combat what it calls the "radical reactionary propaganda" of the John Birch Society and allied groups has been started by a group which includes prominent churchmen.

The Council for Civic Responsibility, sponsored by the Public Affairs Institute of Washington, said it had found 12 groups in an interlocking directorate with the Birch Society. These groups, said the council, spend some $20 million each year to propagate their views, including sponsorship of more than 7,000 radio and television broadcasts weekly in all 50 states.

With an initial annual budget of about $500,000, the council has begun a wide campaign through mass media —primarily radio—to counter what it views as "misstatements and distortions of fact" by the Birch-related groups.

Dr. Dewey Anderson of the PAI said the council will lean heavily on the major religious groups for support, with the thought that it might help bridge a communications gap between churchgoers and their leaders, many of whom have denounced the tactics of extremist groups.

Methodists in Group

Among 117 initial members of the council are Methodist Bishops Lloyd C. Wicke of New York and A. Raymond Grant of Portland, Oreg., Dr. Hurst Anderson, president of Methodist-related American University; and Dr. Arthur Larson, law professor at Methodist-related Duke University and former director of the U.S. Information Agency.

Others include National Council of Churches President Reuben Mueller, Episcopal Presiding Bishop Arthur Lichtenberger, and several ranking Roman Catholic clergymen.

Dr. Larson, named chairman of the new council, explained that many persons are confused with constant distortions of fact and sinister charges from groups bearing conspicuously respectable-sounding names.

Among ostensibly religious groups cited as ultra-right were the Christian Crusade of Billy James Hargis, Edgar Bundy's Church League of America, and the Christian Freedom Foundation.

Others among the 12 named by the council are We, the People; Citizens Foreign Aid Committee for America; America's Future; Dan Smoot Reports; Americans for Constitutional Action; Liberty Lobby; National Economic Council; Manion Forum; and Courtney Complex.

Meanwhile, the U.S. Internal Revenue Service is studying the status of some two dozen tax-exempt foundations, many purporting to be religious in nature and most—but not all—considered right-wing in philosophy.

Those under study use radio, television, other mass media, and their own publications to promote their views, which often include comments on national and political affairs.

The point in question is whether these organizations, created and operated ostensibly for charitable and educational purposes, should lose tax-exempt status for devoting more than the allowable "substantial part" of their activities to propaganda.

IRS Commissioner Bertram Harding declined to name the groups under study, in line with U.S. Treasury regulations, when he testified before a subcommittee of the House Small Business Committee looking into abuses by tax-exempt foundations.

Most of the testimony centered on groups which, in the name of anti-communism, consistently attack the U.S. Supreme Court, the United Nations, aid to education, civil rights legislation, and other social-political issues.

Rep. Wright Patman (D.-Texas), subcommittee chairman, did refer directly to oil tycoon H. L. Hunt's Life Line Foundation, Inc., as one of the foundations under investigation. A district IRS director has recommended that Life Line's tax exemption be revoked.

Tells Exemptions

In testimony last year before the subcommittee, Sen. Maurine Neuberger (D.-Oreg.) said Hunt's foundation gets "more radical right-wing propaganda per tax-exempt dollar" than any other group.

Among other groups the senator named as "right-wing groups . . . masquerading as 'educational or religious organizations . . . financed by tax-free contributions' were: America's Future, Inc.; the American Council of Christian Laymen; American

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Economic Foundation; Christian and Anti-Communism Crusade; Christian Echoes; Ministry; Christian Freedom Foundation; Church League of America; Circuit Riders; Economists' National Committee on Monetary Policy; Foundation for Economic Education, and the Inter-collegiate Society of Individualists.

Methodist Bishop T. Otto Nall of Minneapolis recently said in a speech that some extreme rightist groups should be investigated by the House Committee on Un-American Activities. The nation is witnessing a revolution of the right, following the revolution on the left, he asserted. He did not name specific groups.

"The misnamed freedom that makes every man a law to himself and notices government only when, like air, it is bad, has no place today. Long ago, our interdependence supplanted that kind of independence." The bishop said he doubts that this is what authentic conservatives want, and said "those who are not phonies will find ways to disassociate themselves from neo-Fascists, racists, and pious Pharisees." They should be the first to assure the people that they cannot and will not be scared into security, he added.

On the other hand, he predicted disappointment for some leftists too well satisfied with passing laws on civil rights without changing minds.

Aid Burned Negro Churches

An interracial, interfaith Committee of Concern has been formed by Mississippi churchmen to help rebuild more than two dozen Negro churches burned this year during intensive civil rights activity in the state.

Methodist Bishop Edward J. Pendergrass of the Jackson Area, chairman of the executive committee, joins an Episcopal and a Roman Catholic bishop in the group. A Jewish rabbi and representatives of most major Protestant bodies in the state also are members of the committee, which includes laymen.

Funds will be raised through facilities already established by the Baptist State Board. Donations of labor, materials, and equipment also are sought.

Each case of suggested aid will be investigated, the group announced, and assistance will be offered on the basis of need and without regard for denominational affiliation.

Set Special Session

A special session of the Methodist General Conference to consider possible union with the Evangelical United Brethren Church has been set for November 9-11, 1966, in Chicago.

Announcement was made by Dr. J. Otis Young, chairman of the Commission on Entertainment and Program. He said the 1966 EUB General Conference, originally scheduled for Wichita, Kans., will be November 8-17, also in Chicago.

The special session, ordered by the 1964 General Conference, also will hear a report on elimination of Methodism's Central Jurisdiction.

Miss America a Methodist

Vonda Kay Van Dyke, Miss America of 1965, is an active member of the Phoenix (Ariz.) Central Methodist Church. She is a senior at Arizona State University and is preparing for a teaching career.

As a talented ventriloquist, she has presented many programs for Phoenix area churches and civic groups. Her parents are Dr. and Mrs. A. B. Van Dyke of Phoenix.

Heads Pension Board

The Rev. Claire C. Hoyt of Evanston, Ill., has been named general secretary of the Methodist Board of Pensions, which reported market value assets of $152 million at its recent annual meeting.

Mr. Hoyt

He has been associate general secretary, and before that treasurer of the Rocky Mountain Annual Conference and pastor of churches in Colorado, Wyoming, Nebraska, and Iowa.

Mr. Hoyt, who succeeds Dr. Charles L. Calkins, has degrees from Upper Iowa University, Garrett Theological Seminary, and Northwestern University. He has been a trustee of Iliff School of Theology and was cofounder of the Wyoming School of Religion at Laramie.

Bishop John Wesley Lord of Washington, D.C., is the pensions board president and the Rev. Roland P. Reddick the vice-president.

Dr. Calkins was on the staff 26 years, 12 as general secretary.

Methodist Membership Up

Official membership of The Methodist Church in the United States is now 10,304,184, reports the church's Council on World Service and Finance.

This is an increase of 69,198 members over last year. The percentage gain is less than 1 percent, however

Dr. Kermit L. Long of Central Methodist Church, Phoenix, congratulates a parishioner, Miss America.

—less than the growth rate of the U.S. population. The increase the previous year was 81,983 members.

The 1964 membership figure includes 28,988 ministers, a gain of 291, and 6,762 supply pastors, but not 1,812,493 preparatory members (baptized children).

The Methodist Church now has 38,908 organized local churches, 82 fewer than reported last year.

Methodists contributed $615,483,263 to all church causes, a gain of $11,530,936, and increased the pay of pastors and associates by $1,674,938.

Church-school membership and Sunday attendance were down, though the estimated value of buildings and land was up, and benevolent giving climbed by $2,069,285.

Cuban Methodism Prospers

Methodism in Cuba is doing well despite restrictions on all phases of its activity.

For the first time, three women are serving as ministers. They, along with five men, were ordained at the recent annual conference. And 13 Methodists are studying at Union Theological Seminary in Matanzas.

Because the government does not allow funds from the Board of Missions to enter the country, the conference voted a record 131,280-peso budget and will be entirely self-supporting.

The conference is reviving its periodical *El Evangelista*, even in the face of heavy censorship. Preparations are under way, in keeping with 1964 General Conference action, for the church to become autonomous.

Fund to Aid Rights Workers

Through means set up by The Methodist Church's Council on World Service and Finance, there is now opportunity for giving to a fund aiding Methodists who suffer economic

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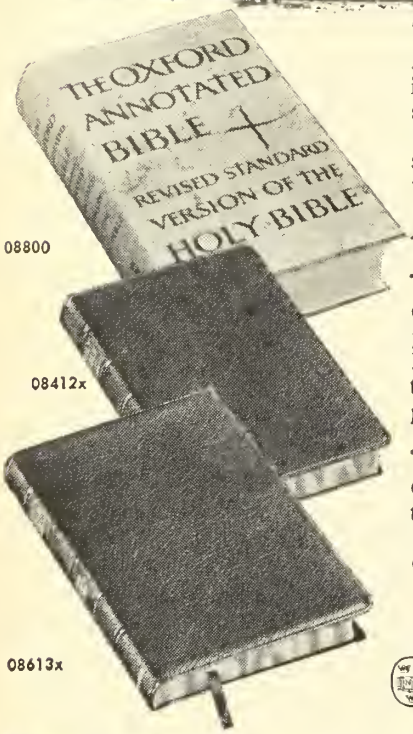

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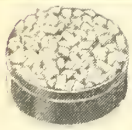

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loss through their activities for racial integration.

Establishment of the fund was authorized by the 1964 General Conference, which said it was felt the opportunity to share such burdens of ministers and laymen would be welcomed.

Gifts are to be sent to the council through the annual conference treasurer, with each church reporting totals each year under "other benevolences."

Requests for help from the fund may be sent to Dr. Gerald Clapsaddle of the Interboard Commission on the Local Church, Room 1339, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027.

Named United Church Head

A 62-year-old Presbyterian is the new moderator of Canada's United Church.

He is the Rev. Ernest Howse of Newfoundland, who promptly spoke out on several controversial subjects. He called Canada's divorce laws a scandal and said politicians fearing to change them are out of touch with public opinion, and condemned the law against distributing birth-control information.

The United Church has not produced any real scholars or leaders, he charged.

Unlike his predecessor, Dr. James Mutchmor, Moderator Howse believes the church will have to accept an episcopal form of church government in the event it unites with Anglicans.

Former Canadian Methodists are now part of the United Church.

CENTURY CLUB

A number of Methodists who have marked their 100th year join the TOGETHER *Century Club this month. They are:*

Mrs. Nellie Spawn, 100, Branchville, N.J.
Mrs. Minnie Dean, 100, Fort Worth, Texas.
Miss Clara Rooksby, 100, Canoga Park, Calif.
Mrs. Samantha Woodring, 100, Gaston, Ind.
Mrs. Emma Klous, 100, Rochester, N.Y.
Mrs. George Rice, 100, Hampton, Ky.
John Woollacott, 102, Fitchburg, Mass.
Miss Ella Lord, 102, Bloomington, Ill.
Mrs. Laura Orr, 100, Niota, Tenn.

In nominating a person for the Century Club, please give present address, birth date, and the church where the nominee has his or her membership.

Who Cares?

NORMAN COUSINS, editor of *Saturday Review*, has seen many things in the course of his world travels. But one that sticks in his mind happened on a Sunday evening in the Stamford, Conn., railroad station, where some two dozen persons waited to board the express for New York.

The door of the waiting room flew open and a woman rushed in, shrieking hysterically that a man was trying to kill her. Crying for help, she grabbed Mr. Cousins as the man pursued her. He tried to protect her, but the man grabbed her wrist, dragged her back out the door, snatched her purse, and fled.

Mr. Cousins helped her to a seat and then looked around the room. "Except for three or four persons who now came up to her," he recalls, "the people in the place seemed unconcerned. . . . I am not sure which was greater, the shock of the attack that had just occurred, or the shock caused by the apparent detachment and unconcern by the other people."

Perhaps the bystanders were only paralyzed by the suddenness of the attack. "Yet I am not so sure," says Mr. Cousins. "What is happening, I believe, is that natural reactions of the individual against violence are being blunted. The individual is being desensitized by living history. He is developing new reflexes and new responses that tend to slow up the moral imagination and relieve him of essential indignation over impersonal hurt. . . . He makes his adjustments to the commonplace, and nothing is more commonplace in our age than the ease with which life can be smashed or shattered."

What's going on here? Is it still every man for himself, as it was at the dawn of civilization? Have we learned anything from human history and from the faith we profess? What is lacking?

"The age in which we live is wretched, because it is without passion." That comment, made 123 years ago in Denmark by Soren Kierkegaard, seems peculiarly appropriate today. Then, as now, the organized church was strong. But as Kierkegaard put it:

"How low has Christianity sunk, how powerless and miserable it has become! It is reason that has conquered; reason that has tyrannized enthusiasm and the like, making it ridiculous. That is why people dare not be enthusiastic . . . they wrap themselves up in their donkey-skin only asking to be allowed to be Christians themselves, call that tolerance, and flatter themselves that they are true Christians."

Could it be that we, too, are tyrannized by reason, by reasonableness? Are there no more "fools for Christ's sake"? New discoveries constantly heap new information upon us. But too often we are imprisoned, not liberated, by knowledge. We become so enamored of the facts that we never see the sweep of life, never feel it catching us up, never respond to it.

What is the answer? Certainly not ignorance or a blind faith, though the 20th century has its share of "know-nothings"—some of them in our churches—who slough off or oversimplify facts. Nor are knowledge and reason sufficient. As a friend observed recently, "I have given up reading 'a few more facts about this or that.' What I want is the facts plus a point of view, a taking of sides, a feeling of involvement."

It was this which Kierkegaard sought in his time. As the industrial revolution began to sweep Europe, as scientific inquiry began to extinguish convictions of the heart, he pleaded for a vital balance between the heart and the mind.

"Feeling," he argued, "leads to the quality of *intensity* of our knowledge, as opposed to knowledge which is significant by virtue of its *extensity*. It is only when both are co-ordinated that the individual begins to exist and becomes a complete man."

Note that final sentence. Each of us is searching for "the pearl of great price, the meaning that connects and completes all meaning," in the words of Reuel L. Howe. But, lodged in the quicksand of trivial facts, we may grasp instead partial, petty, or false meanings. We worship success, fame, money, efficiency, politics, science, even the organizational church. We settle for that which is small because it is fixed and attainable, rather than committing ourselves to a greater goal which may need redefinition as we are exposed to fresh reason and new revelation. We may be so inundated by choices that we make none, committing ourselves only to noncommitment.

The fundamental question for each of us today is expressed in the words of a current folk song: "Of what do you concern yourself, young man?" If you are concerned, really concerned, about something, you at least have demonstrated your humanity. But this concern must be grounded in reason, fed by the mind as well as the heart. And if it is a true concern, it will find expression in involvement, just as involvement requires concern.

Christmas breeds all sorts of warm feelings within us which may stir a response to the many around us who suffer. But what about the rest of the year? Our response as Christians should not need the forced draft of a special season. Like John Wesley, Methodism's founder, we must respond to the needs of others out of a heart "strangely warmed" by the gift of God's grace and impassioned by the joy of being alive.

As in a marriage ceremony, when man and woman exchange the words, "I do," we who seek to be Christians in these changing, demanding times must make an essential, personal affirmation of life before we are really a part of it. And the words are "I care."

—YOUR EDITORS

That perennial question, 'What church activities really count?' comes to a head every Christmas. In some congregations, reverent expectation of the Advent season is suffocated by a pell-mell social calendar and replaced by anticipation of profits from the sale of candy, cards, calendars, candles—you name it, some church may sell it. But the basic problem is unseasonal. Here an 'over-activitied' churchwoman lays it bare and proposes two radical solutions. A pastor responds with three working principles to guide local churches.

God's Work—or Busywork?

By MRS. ROBERT TROUT

AS A FARM housewife with two young children, I never have had to hunt things to do. My problem is just the reverse: allotting my time and effort so I can best serve God through service to my family, my church, and the world in which I live.

This dilemma is particularly acute among active churchmen. The real root of the difficulty, I am convinced, is the church itself. Most local churches schedule such an extensive round of activities that many of us are simply working *in* the church, rather than making the church a motivating force in the world. It is easy to get so involved in the internal affairs of the church that we never have time to respond to the greatest need of this day: for Christians to penetrate all the institutions of our society and make Christianity a real influence in all the affairs of men. Because the problem is both pervasive and self-perpetuating, a radical solution may be required.

Let me make it clear that I strongly support meaningful activity in the program and the mission of my local church. I have been chairman of commissions, an officer of the Woman's Society, a teacher of our church-school classes for teen-agers and for young married couples, and a member of the official board. More recently I was chairman of a commission and held office on a conference board.

Outside the church, I serve on a statewide committee to abolish the death penalty, and am a member of the Congress of Racial Equality, the National Association for Advancement of Colored People, and committees for education, political action, and research in the area of world peace.

Supplementing these activities, I feel a deep need to read and study, so I can be relevant to the society in which I live. This means regular reading of the Bible, newspapers, magazines, and information relating to the various organizations I give active support.

There are, of course, meetings of all kinds and at all times. If I assumed all the duties offered to me and attended all church functions, I easily could be away from my family five or six evenings of every week.

This problem, in one form or another, faces nearly all of us. But what can be done about it?

I am convinced that worship, study, work, and any other activity in the church should have as its primary aim providing motivation and training for Christians to work *outside* the church. I am not suggesting that the role of the church in society be diminished. Increasing the participation of all Christians in groups that need the leaven of Christian thinking would, in fact, *increase* the witness of the church.

To accomplish this, two fundamental changes would work wonders:

1. Eliminate all scheduled church activity that is purely social—such as family-night suppers, church-school parties, purely social events for youth, sports, and the like.

2. Take the church out of business by eliminating all profit-motivated commercial activity.

I am convinced that there is a better basis for fellowship in the church than purely social activity. Although there are many outstanding church people whose initial contact with the church was a social one, social activity as an evangelistic tool is a weak approach at best. The church's efforts need to be concentrated on the realistic challenge which the life of Jesus has given us.

Socially, the Christian might better spend his time with those who are unchurched or who hold unchristian views. I believe in the fellowship of believers, but I also believe this is the fellowship created by participation in the basic concerns of the church, not

the fellowship claimed by advocates of the church as a social hall, restaurant, or gymnasium.

Bake sales, public dinners, houseware parties, car washes, rummage sales, fair booths, and all the other devices people have thought of to make money for the church not only tend to lessen the challenge to stewardship of our lives and possessions but they also crowd aside consideration of vital issues that need to be dealt with according to Christian standards.

By cutting out nonessential, time-consuming, distracting activities, the church can establish itself as an institution whose members collectively and individually seek to minister to the real spiritual and physical needs of the world. In no other age has this been so important. The prospect of nuclear war, the population explosion, the technological revolution have put man's back against the wall of time. Christian influence must, increasingly, be felt in the world if creative solutions are to be found to mankind's problems.

If we as Christians are to labor fruitfully for the harvest of love and peace of which Jesus spoke, we must critically reexamine the activities in our churches and in our own lives, and give the highest priority to the fundamental concerns of the church of Jesus Christ.

We need a carefully framed scale of values

By WEBB GARRISON
Pastor, Central Methodist Church
Evansville, Indiana

"EXCUSE ME, are you the floorwalker?"

The gentleman who had tapped me on the shoulder was well dressed and looked to be in his mid-fifties.

"You must be a bit confused, sir." I replied. "I'm the pastor. This is a Methodist church."

"You don't say!" the stranger exclaimed. "I saw so much merchandise for sale I thought I was in a department store."

That pre-Christmas incident did not take place in the church, fortunately. It was a vivid dream I had one December night. Maybe it would be better to call it a nightmare.

With the best of intentions and the poorest of judgment, folks in the congregation I was serving had set out to "make a lot of money for the church" that month. On a single Sabbath I saw class members, circle leaders, and MYFers selling note cards, Christmas tree ornaments, fruitcake—I am not exaggerating, this is an actual list—vanilla extract, pecans, costume jewelry, candy, and "Christmas trees" made of feathers.

Six months later, when I told about the nightmare as a prelude to asking for moderation the following

Christmas, a few people who had worked very hard for the church took personal offense.

Mrs. Robert Trout has raised her voice to plead not for abolition of fund-raising activities in bad taste or carried to obvious excess, but for abandonment of all church-sponsored programs that turn a profit.

While so unqualified a proposal may need amending a bit, I agree with her in the conviction that money-making projects can weaken a congregation's sense of stewardship. If tithing were to become a general practice among Methodists, church treasuries would be so bulging there would be no need for a single bake sale, car wash, bean supper, rummage sale, talent show, barbecue dinner, or paper sale.

Aside from stewardship education and questionable use of time, there is another practical consideration. My wife and I faced it serving our very first circuit. Helping to get ready for a church barbecue designed to yield a profit of $75, we did a lot of driving and made two or three long-distance calls. On the great night both of us worked like mad until all the customers had been served, then bought leftover meat and stew to take home with us.

When we figured up what that supper had cost us, we found we could have saved all our fuss and bother and come out cheaper by contributing $10. Since then, we have been strong advocates of giving the money you would spend on a commercial enterprise and eliminating lots of hard work and some frayed tempers.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES and business meetings also demand a hard second look.

In many congregations, anyone willing to do so can spend five or six nights a week going to suppers and picnics, and working on committees and commissions. Jesus' familiar rebuke of Martha (Luke 10:41-42) is a capsule summary of the whole problem of activism. Without doubt, much that Martha did was good. But the good became the dreadful and relentless foe of the better.

I fear that many good Methodists make the same distinction. While giving theological priority to dialogue between God and man, in practice they spend so much time and energy seeking fellowship with friends and acquaintances that they become spiritually bankrupt by default.

What about the official programs of the church?

An old friend of mine, a hardworking business executive in another city, sincerely and eagerly wants to serve God through his church. He feels it is his duty to accept responsibility. But he is beginning to wonder. He leaves home very early on Sunday mornings to meet with a committee. Yet over and over, he says, members of this group spend an hour and a half rehashing things already discussed in the official board and listening to perfunctory reports about decisions already made.

My friend is genuinely concerned. He wants to do the right thing, but he wonders whether that committee has accomplished anything in the past or will in the future.

The Methodist Church has been characterized as the most highly organized of the major religious bodies in this country. That does not come as a surprise to anyone who has held office in the church for a few years. The very name Methodist is a potent clue.

By and large, our church functions from the top down. Creativity and initiative on the part of individuals and congregations are not forbidden, not even discouraged, but in practice the church worker is likely to be engulfed in a tide of prescribed activities. Some have little or no application to his particular situation, yet the *Discipline* requires them to be performed. Workers in small congregations are more hopelessly trapped than their friends in large ones, for in order to go through the notions expected of good Methodists it may be necessary for one person to hold three, four, or even five offices.

The minister is caught in a particularly vicious squeeze. When pressures of a highly organized denominational structure are added to demands made within an "active" congregation, this would-be spokesman for God finds his intellectual and spiritual development grinding to a halt. He is so busy doing things that he has neither time nor energy to be in a vital relationship with his Lord.

Mrs. Trout recognizes that her proposed solution is ultraradical. Taken literally, it would mean that classes and guilds, congregations and circles, Methodist Men and MYFers would have to abandon all activities yielding a profit. Programs with fellowship as their primary goal would cease. And the official structure of the church would be overhauled from stem to stern.

Even if it were desirable, so sweeping a transition could not be achieved. But I think some of the end results are attainable. Indeed, there are indivduals and groups and congregations already trying to elevate God's work above busywork.

Success in this high endeavor requires deliberate adoption of a carefully framed scale of values. Such a set of purposes must take human frailty into account. Neither are individual differences to be brushed aside as unimportant. Activities to which one person is indifferent may be precisely what another person desperately needs. Nor is adoption of a more deeply spiritual goal any guarantee of success in reaching it. Satan used Scripture quotations to tempt Jesus in the wilderness; members of a Bible-study group may develop spiritual pride that is as offensive to God as rank commercialism.

Perhaps a set of working principles may be suggested:

1. Keep profits in proper perspective. Be wary of programs and activities primarily designed to raise money. Abstain absolutely from kinds of commercialism that threaten to defeat avowed purposes of the church.

With these cautions taken into account, I doubt that there is any great harm in making a profit as a side effect of a worthy activity. So long as money-making does not shape programs and determine policies, a class or circle can be busy with God's work and still add a few dollars to the fund from which a missionary will be supported or a ragged carpet will be replaced.

2. Seek continually to be in a creative relationship with God in order that fellowship with others may be more meaningful.

No one wants to see a congregation or church-school class become a watered-down club, but little churches in the open country and big churches in the urban centers can help provide a wholesome climate for the development of mutually satisfying fellowships. When members of a group devote some of their time to Bible study, prayer, and other spiritual disciplines, they casually and spontaneously "talk religion." When this is done, an impromptu conversation at a covered-dish dinner may be more growth-inducing than participation in a formal prayer cell from which the spirit of life is missing.

3. Make a periodic evaluation of all meetings, and budget your time for those that quicken you spiritually and intellectually. Try to persuade your fellow workers to eliminate purely perfunctory sessions, and to shape each meeting efficiently.

These principles will not produce a neat and final solution to the problem of furious wheel-spinning within the church. For we face an insoluble dilemma. Dedicated to invisible spiritual goals that are beyond human measurement, the Body of Christ in its institutional life must run pell-mell after results that can be counted, measured, seen, and entered in columns of annual reports.

This dividedness on the part of the church, plus the fact that you and I and all other workers have feet of clay, makes it unlikely that we will see busywork eliminated from The Methodist Church. But we can do our earnest best to give priority to what seems to us to be God's work, and thereby help give new purpose to individual congregations and our connection at large. □

getting along Together

•

My neighbor gave a basket of garden flowers to her twice-a-week cleaning woman. They discussed the joy of living in a land where there were flowers and books and music in every home.

Mari exclaimed, "How can I thanksful for so much good things in America?"

My neighbor suggested that she thank God in her prayers. But Mari vigorously shook her head.

"Already I *say* thanks God, now I want to *do* thanks God."

—Edna Julia Keller, *Milwaukee, Wis.*

•

Visiting an Appalachian Mountain family whose church attendance had become lax, the pastor was shown to one of several chairs facing an open fire. When all were seated, they politely waited for the minister to speak. Instead, he reached for the tongs and pulled a large, glowing coal out onto the hearth. Soon it was gray.

Wordlessly, the minister put the coal back with others under the backlog, and it quickly resumed its bright, powerful glow.

No words were needed to underscore the point. "See you in church Sunday," murmured the host.

—William Morrow, *Antioch, Tenn.*

Our daughter, at age seven, attended a public school with Protestant and Jewish children in almost equal numbers. It was customary, as the December holidays approached, for each child to make a card saluting the holiday appropriate to his religion.

Our child, just learning the joys of sharing, brought home two beautiful examples of childish "art" and love.

The first, a vivid red and green card with a "star of Bethlehem," bore the message, "Merry Christmas to Mother."

The second, an equally lovely "star of David" on a blue background, read, "Happy Hanukkah to Father."

—Mrs. Bonnie Bostron, *Minneapolis, Minn.*

•

A Boy Scout working on his God and Country Award wrote this definition of the World Council of Churches: "It is the same as the National Council, but on a worldly basis."

—Glen J. Siferd, *Rothschild, Wis.*

•

My 11-year-old son was standing quietly by while I sorted outgrown clothing to be given away. When I came to an especially attractive item, I would put it aside for a friend. Finally I noticed a rather bothered expression on his face.

"Mother," he said, "I don't think it's right to give all the best things to our friends who could really afford to buy them. Don't you think the poor like pretty things, too?"

Needless to say, I put *all* our unneeded items into one box.

—Mrs. Paul Turney, *Douglas, Ariz.*

•

At the supermarket, I usually have a respectable amount of groceries and meat for the checker. But this time I had my bag loaded with books from the library and got only a package of lamb chops.

"Only meat tonight, I'm afraid," I apologized.

With a glance at the books the philosophical young man quickly put me at my ease. "Feed the whole man," he grinned approvingly.

—Margaret R. Dodge, *Pasadena, Calif.*

•

While vacationing, my family and I faced the usual Sunday question of whether we should attend a strange church. Though we were not enthusiastic, we diligently dressed up and set forth.

We stopped at one church, but before getting out of the car, my wife remarked, "There do not seem to be many people here."

Our 10-year-old son David replied, "Mother, the church is just waiting for us."

That erased our hesitation.

—John F. Schrodt, Jr., *Bloomington, Ind.*

•

Little tales for this column must be true—stories which somehow lighten a heart. Together *pays $5 for each one printed. No contributions can be returned.*—Editors

Betsy grins, and spectators cheer, as a 10-foot putt drops in.

AT THE urging of her father, Betsy Rawls started playing golf when she was 17. She has been a a topflight professional ever since she was graduated—Phi Beta Kappa in physics and mathematics —from the University of Texas in 1950.

Described by *Time* magazine as "an erratic player who, at her scrambling best, is the most exciting female golfer in the world," Miss Rawls has won four U.S. Women's Open championships—a record unequalled. Even the legendary Babe Didrikson Zaharias came out on top in only three. In winning 48 championships, Betsy has earned more money than any other woman golfer.

Behind the headlines, says her hometown pastor, the Rev. Lewis R. Sherard of Saint Paul Methodist Church, Spartanburg, S.C., is "a fine Christian." He adds, "She is conscious of an athlete's influence on youth, and she sets high standards for them." In its history, Betsy's staunchly religious family has produced 12 Methodist ministers. □

Unusual

OSCAR HOWE's childhood on South Dakota's Crow Creek Reservation was full of poverty, illness, and frustration. Art, his one love, was considered "unproductive" and was discouraged. Today, after a difficult journey marked by increasing recognition, Howe is considered by many the foremost living Indian painter, preserving in a style adapted from old tribal painters the rich traditions and folklore of his Sioux ancestors. He is artist in residence at the University of South Dakota in Vermillion and, since 1958, the state's artist laureate. His paintings have been exhibited throughout the U.S. and Europe, where they consistently have won top prizes. Together with his German-born wife, Heidi, whom he met during military service in Europe, and their 16-year-old daughter, Inge Dawn, Mr. Howe attends Vermillion's First Methodist Church. □

Oscar Howe's paintings are smooth in texture to resemble the skins used by the old Sioux painters. He uses tempera on soaked watercolor paper.

A bas-relief globe helps Betty Morton to teach geography.

THE FOURTH-grade class which Betty Morton teaches at Allen Road Elementary School in North Syracuse, N.Y., looks much like any other—except for Susie, a Seeing Eye dog.

Mrs. Morton has been blind since she was 12, but she has not let that fact destroy her life. "Everyone has just one life to live," she says. "And I feel obligated to live mine to the fullest. By that I mean utilizing every talent in my possession. True, I have limitations, but there is no one who lives free of limitations. The happy person learns to accept and rise above them."

Betty not only negotiated undergraduate work; she also earned a masters degree in education at Syracuse University. As a teacher, she has met with such marked success that parents ask to have their children assigned to her class. Her so-called handicap has accomplished in her pupils one of the primary objectives of education: self-reliant responsibility. Her students are quick to serve their teacher, and, in doing so, they grow both educationally and spiritually.

Not content with teaching five days a week, Betty Morton turns up at University Methodist Church on Sundays to lead a church-school class. Accompanying her each week is another faithful churchgoer, her architect-husband, Jack. □

Methodists

"ANY PERSON who is different," says Lee Kitchens, "has trouble adjusting to it and adjusting to society." Lee, four feet one and president of Little People of America, has forged a productive life for himself and his family, and he wants to help others. LPA has 1,100 of the country's estimated 5,000 little people on its rolls, and Lee is looking for the rest. Besides fellowship, the group provides such practical information as how to get a job, adopt children, and find furniture. Some members are taking part in research to give others hope for normal growth.

Lee, his wife Mary, and their two adopted "little littles," Sandra, four, and Alan, eight, live in a new, eight-room house at 938 Blue Lake Circle, Richardson, Texas. Lee is an engineer at Texas Instruments in Dallas, where the Kitchenses are leaders at Preston Hollow Methodist Church. □

In their specially designed Texas home, Lee Kitchens and his family of little people enjoy a comfortable world that is within their reach.

ARE YOUR CHILD'S TOYS creative?

Outrageously expensive, deadening to ingenuity, easily broken, many of the gadgets in today's toy-store jungles should be left there, a concerned psychologist warns.—By **JEAN WELLINGTON**

MY CHILDREN and I spent some time not long ago wandering through the toy department of a huge department store. They came away happily overwhelmed. I was overwhelmed, too—but not pleasantly.

Perhaps because my husband and I have not plied our children with lots of "things," I had never carefully surveyed today's typical toys. I certainly had not realized how far toys have moved from bad to worse; from simply useless to, in many cases, directly harmful.

My first impression was that many toys seemed designed for adults. The children stared coldly upon a rounded animal about the size of a basketball and costing $6. Looking much like an octopus, its only distinguishing trait was that it crawled under its own power. But I saw two sets of adults ah-ing and cooing over how cute it was. Old-fashioned trains and autos moving under their own power also attracted droves of adults, but the children called them "kookie."

It reminded me of a friend whose four-year-old wanted a new tricycle. He begged and pleaded for a big red bike with a big front wheel. Every time they shopped the child pointed out the red bicycle—his heart's desire. When Christmas came, the parents were attracted by an "adorable" little auto with a real horn and old-fashioned driving mechanism. Although it cost much more, they bought it—and little Davey cried bitterly for his red tricycle.

Television commercials that insist every child ask for the most

expensive talking doll available, or for a $20 missile-tracking set, alter what a child might be inclined to choose if left to himself. The advertising that prods junior to tell Mommy that such and such a gadget is "only $12.95," surely is one of the most insidious forms of TV indoctrination. Such pushing of unwanted and unneeded toys is often successful in overcoming the very best-laid value system a parent has tried to instill.

The only recourse I have found effective is: "I'm sorry dear. I'm sure it's a fine gadget, but we just can't afford it. And besides, I feel there are lots of toys you really would like better."

I am certainly no authority on economics, but the toys I have seen cost too much. If money is no object, some parents might be willing to invest about $40 in one handmade puppet, or in a doll about three feet high, dressed in a Martha Washington costume. Or how about $50 for a log cabin large enough for a small child to stand at the center?

Even those prices are less objectionable than those of some less expensive toys. One doll dress about five inches from hem to neckline cost $4; a cheap plastic baking set, the same price; a medical kit of cheap plastic parts, $5; a hollow cannon of paper-thin plastic, $6; an electric drawing set, $8; a rickety metal barn and a few plastic animals, $12.

Parents with moderate incomes and several children who need shoes and milk and dentists can afford such toys only by omitting something else that very well may be more important.

But even if you have all the money in the world, the toys are still undesirable and, I am inclined to say, harmful. Economically, they teach a child that $5 or $10 is nothing. Psychologically, they teach him that something worth this amount is quickly broken and therefore almost immediately expendable.

Cheap plastic toys made with fussy parts that are sure to break quickly in a young child's exploring hands are a menace to his appreciation that the few "things" which he possesses should indeed be treasures worth preserving. And it is not a child's fault that his toys break and are discarded. If parents would refuse to buy them, manufacturers would stop making them.

My second-grader was asked recently to go to play with a child in her class. She put down the phone and came to where I was working to plead with me to tell the child's mother that she could not go. I took the telephone and said that my daughter was going to stay at home that afternoon. And then I tried to discover why she was so insistent.

"It's no use going to her house, Mommy," she said quickly, in her rapid-fire way. "You can't play with anything because nothing's all there to make something out of."

The language is perhaps bizarre, but the idea is clear enough. Everything her classmate possessed in the line of toys was broken, with parts missing or destroyed.

NOW certainly some of the fault is that children own too many toys and are not taught to care for them properly, with a place for each toy and the understanding that small cars and trucks stay on this shelf and blocks go in that cart. But the other half of the problem is that the toys themselves are so fussy that all their intricate parts last perhaps only a few minutes, and so cheap that, if children make any real use of the toys (and isn't this what they are for?), they break.

But all this is not the worst fault of the present-day toys. As a psychologist I wonder sometimes how it can be that neither toy manufacturers nor parents seem to understand the purpose of toys.

Play is vital to every child; this is a principle that any psychologist will verify. Play is not just a pastime where children idle away hours of freedom which they will not have when they grow older; it is an essential part of their development. It is the child's most important work; he *must* play, or he will withdraw and end in a mental hospital.

Sometimes parents, envious of a child's freedom when their own time is so filled to overflowing, try to curtail play, insisting that a child spend his time in worthwhile work around the house. Now I am not against chores at home; in fact, my 12-year-old right now is doing morning dishes. But I know, too, that a solid amount of play is necessary to my children's development.

As I looked at the toy store, laden from floor to ceiling with so many gadgets and things, I shuddered at the thought that these are not toys at all. Most of them are just contrivances designed to play *for* the child. Many times I have thought that my great-grandmother with her one corncob doll was far better off than modern children with whole stores of toys to choose from.

The essential element in play is creativity, and most so-called toys prevent it. It is in using his creative instincts that the child finds out about himself and, for this reason, play is one of his most important experiences. He creates and builds and alters and changes and recombines and recreates; and in the process, he finds out how he does things. What he builds may mean something quite different to him than to his mother, and this, too, is very important.

The child is not hampered by the fact one uses blocks to build a building or a bridge; no one has ever told him that blocks are so limited. So he builds a strange animal which flies through the air or a puffy cloud or a hidden tunnel. In so doing, the child finds out about his own thoughts and dreams, about who he is now and what he wants to become; and he learns to recombine thoughts and things into new combinations unseen by adults who long ago forgot that blocks build dream castles.

But what happens to this child, dreaming and building and creating and finding out? We give him a walking dinosaur purchased with our hard-earned $8. Yes, it walks around and moves its neck. But our fair-haired child becomes an observer; he finds out nothing, and does nothing. Soon he is bored and seeking something more diverting.

The bad habit of seeking constant diversion in one device after another may harm the rest of his life, causing inability to concentrate in school or to apply all his talents to his work. It is in robbing children of any need to create and build and stick with something that I feel toys

When Was Christ Born?

NO DATE on the calendar is so firmly fixed or well known as December 25. On this day each year for more than 16 centuries, much of the world has celebrated the birth of Christ. But is Christmas really the anniversary of the day Jesus first appeared among men? Scholars disagree.

In his book *Jesus,* Charles Guignebert, professor of the history of Christianity at the Sorbonne, Paris, writes: "It is wisest to conclude that we do not know, within about 15 years, or perhaps more, the time when Jesus came into the world."

How, then, did we arrive at the December 25 date?

Actually, it has not been accepted even by all Christians. Many Eastern Orthodox churches celebrate Christmas on January 6, not December 25. Both dates were computed by figuring from the date of the Crucifixion, which some say occurred on March 25, while others say April 6.

Both schools of thought hold that Jesus' life must have embodied chronological perfection—that he died on the anniversary date of his Incarnation (conception). Thus, adding nine months to the Crucifixion date yields either the popularly accepted December 25 or January 6.

Like most Christian scholars, Professor Guignebert considers the exact date of Christ's birth relatively unimportant. What is important is that his life was of such consequence as to divide history into two chronological time periods—one before and the other after his birth.

The Gospels were written at least a generation after the Crucifixion to proclaim Christ's ministry and the Good News of the Easter event. Some of the authors may have known the details of Jesus' early life, but apparently they either considered them of little import or had forgotten some of them. Professor Guignebert thus dismisses the idea that the Gospels can give us an exact date for the Nativity, and contends that the few clues provided are "either contradictory or obviously erroneous."

For instance, Matthew places the Nativity "in the days of Herod the king."

"It is unquestionably Herod the Great who is meant," Guignebert says, "for the successor of this king in Judaea was called Archelaus. But we know that Herod died in the year 750 of the Roman calendar, either in March or April of 4 B.C. This constitutes a serious difficulty to begin with."

A conflict also occurs in Luke, which has Mary and Joseph going up to Bethlehem during "the first enrollment, when Quirinius was governor of Syria." It is now known that Quirinius was appointed legate of Syria in A.D. 6 and that the census was taken coincident with the imposition of direct Roman rule in A.D. 6-7.

The traditional dating of the beginning of the Christian era is attributed to Dionysius the Less, a Scythian monk living at Rome in the sixth century. His deductions were based largely on the account in Luke, and he had no way of knowing that Herod's death was prior to the year he chose and that the census was subsequent to it.

The December 25 date also was fixed at Rome, probably early in the fourth century. Christian scholars agree that a major influence probably was the fact that Romans long had celebrated the festival of the solar god Mithras—the birthday of the Unconquered Sun—on this date. It marked the winter solstice—the emergence of the earth from darkness and the beginning of the period of lengthened days. So, with instinctive spiritual appropriateness, the Church made it a time to celebrate the coming of Him who was to be the Light of the World.

Today, Christians consider the *when* of the birth unimportant. What is all important is the fact that it made known the eternal purpose of God.

—V. L. NICHOLSON

are going from bad to worse.

What, then, should parents do? The best rule is: Buy toys which have multiple purposes, and which are sturdily made of wood or metal or strong plastic.

Recently I gave a set of simple colored mosaics to three different three-year-olds. One child strung them into a long train and moved them about like cars on a track. One built them into little piles, leaning them against each other. The third turned them over, sliding them around into patterns.

For a small child, the strong wooden wagon filled with wooden milk bottles can offer endless hours of pleasure. But let him make of the parts what he will. The milk bottles may be animals in a zoo or men from Mars.

Give children blocks and clay and crayons and paints and mosaics, balls and jump ropes, materials for building planes and ships, sturdy metal soldiers if you are so inclined, ordinary dolls and paper dolls, hammer and saw and old wood, perhaps a science kit, and sturdy exercise toys like tricycles and later badminton and basketball. Give them games like Monopoly and Scrabble. From these, they will build endless creations.

If your child, like many whom I see in our mental health clinic, is often dull and listless, or often hyperactive, moving rapidly from one activity to another and unable to stay with any very long, a change in his toys and playing habits may help. Start by removing things that are broken. Put on a high shelf all the gadgets which do things for the child (he will not miss them). Have the youngster select from the rest those he is willing to give away to poor children. Then plan a spot, preferably on open shelves, for placing each toy that remains. Encourage your son or daughter to take some time each day to go to his room to play alone. Then sit back and do not bother him.

Children are wonderful. They have the gift to envision in just a few things a myriad of creations which we dull adults have forgotten all about. But we must provide our children the opportunity to create by giving them toys which allow their visions to be exercised. □

Gifts from the heart

A present created by loving hands is far more meaningful even than those found in the most expensive shop. And in making gifts themselves, youngsters learn the joy that comes from giving.

By MARY REESE

OUR CHRISTMAS starts in June, when the kitchen is bright with the summer sun and redolent with the sweet smell of strawberry jam.

Elsie, who is 11, and Charles, her 9-year-old brother, hull the berries with me and mash the mountain of fruit. Together, we spend all afternoon measuring, boiling, skimming, and ladling. The children help wash the jars and fetch the blocks of paraffin to be melted. Then, when the jars are filled and the jam is cooled, covered, and ready to be stored, the children come to the real purpose of their work.

Some of the ruby-colored jars, simply labeled "Strawberry Jam," are enjoyed by our family through the winter. But others are set aside. For these Elsie and Charles get out their colored pencils, scissors, and paper, and draw labels decorated with holly, Christmas trees, and Santas. These labels say: "Merry Christmas to Aunt Sally from Elsie," "Greetings to Uncle Ralph from Charles," or similar Christmas messages to some other beloved member of our family. When the day is done, the gift jars are packed in a cardboard box and set far back on a shelf in the cellar to wait a full six months. It is like having a secret packed away.

This all began several years ago when our two older children decided they did not like having their names added to their father's and mine on family Christmas gifts. Aunts, uncles, cousins, and grandparents gave a gift to each child, and each child wanted to give a gift in return. This was fine, but 20 (the number of aunts, uncles, cousins, and grandparents) times four (the number of children in our family) equals 80, and 80 gifts are a lot of gifts to shake out of four piggy banks.

However, we wanted to encourage the idea of giving rather than receiving, so we thought hard. We proposed, first, that each child choose a fourth of the names on the list and give gifts to those five people. No! Each child wanted to give something to each person. And what grand ideas! Billy, our oldest, wanted to give white shirts to all his male relatives and necklaces to all the ladies.

We thought again.

The children had piggy-bank budgets but plenty of time. And so we decided that time and effort would become their greatest expenditures.

Even small children can make pomanders, and so we decided that these old-fashioned, spicy sachets would be good presents for some aunts and cousins. The little ones washed oranges and apples, covered the table with paper towels, and laid out boxes of whole cloves. When the older children came home from school, we were ready to begin.

Everyone sat around the kitchen table, and we spent more than an hour sticking cloves into the fruit. The juices from the punctured fruit made our hands sticky, and the youngest child was tired by the time he had finished one apple. But the results were rewarding. The pomanders looked like hobnailed balls, and already they smelled juicy and spicy. We rolled them in cinnamon and wrapped them in paper towels. This task required another afternoon or two before each child had five pomanders. Then, while the pomanders were aging in their paper covers on a shelf in the linen closet, we got busy with other projects.

I saved soup cans, and when we had 30 we set them on newspapers on the cellar floor. Each child took a paint brush and enameled cans green or white with enamel left over from painting the porch furniture. It was a messy job, but it did not take long.

When the cans were dry the fun began as the children applied butterfly and poodle decals. The result: a set of attractive pencil holders. Perhaps they would not have been the most imposing thing for an executive's desk, but they were just right to hold Aunt Anna's pencils beside the kitchen telephone, or to keep Grandpa's pencils from rolling off the bench in his basement workshop.

Pencil holders suggested note pads. These were easy. I brought small pads for a nickel apiece, and each front page soon bore a picture, greeting, or design by a child. Even the scribblings of a three-year-old could be called a "design." The recipient could leave the decorated page in place as a cover or tear it off and have a clean pad.

We had success with snowflakes, too. Lives there anyone with soul so dead that he does not put some

sort of decoration on a Christmas tree or in his home at Christmas? Using sheets of gold and silver colored paper, we folded and cut. Every snowflake design was different, as it is in nature. A colored Christmas string was threaded through one of the top holes, and there was a snowflake ready to hang.

With loops that can be bought inexpensively in any 10-cent store, the children wove pot holders. The two small metal frames on which they wove were busy for weeks. Lots of aunts had new pot holders after the holiday. I had one, too.

Any child can spread household cement on the top of a box of kitchen matches. Then, while the cement is still wet, the child can sprinkle some red or green glitter on top of it. With matches a penny a box, a budget can stretch a long way. And who can't use a box of matches?

Two weeks before Christmas, each child's cupboard had a cardboard grocery carton full of pencil holders, note pads, pot holders, glittering boxes of matches, and snowflakes. Now it was time to unwrap the pomanders. Stickiness had disappeared, and the pomanders were hard, dry, sweet, and spicy. We cut squares of white net to enclose the pomanders, tied the frothy balls with red ribbon at the top, and had handsome gifts.

But still some people were not accounted for, and we set aside an afternoon for a trip to the 10-cent store. Before we went, we listed gifts each child wanted to buy.

Perhaps you have never noticed how many useful articles can be bought for a dime. I had not until that afternoon. For some aunts we bought Christmas candles, for others needles or thread.

Who cannot use a package of rubber bands? And what individual is so perfect that he has no need for an eraser?

Several uncles received shoelaces. I could not remember what color shoes each one wore, but the children did. Kathy splurged and bought her father three pairs.

We spent all one Saturday wrapping. It took a lot of paper and stickers, and the amount of ribbon that went into curly bows was amazing, but an understanding daddy provided the money for the packaging.

We had saved gift boxes for the purpose. One cousin said he had never before received an eraser in a box from an exclusive specialty shop. He thought it was elegant.

When all gifts were wrapped, each child put his or her stack back into a waiting cardboard carton in the cupboard. Often during that week before Christmas I saw one child or another rearranging his gifts. They did not need rearranging, he just wanted to touch them.

Christmas Day began as usual, with the household astir long before daylight. We started the electric train around the track, saw the village under the tree, and looked with awe at the four piles of gifts that had appeared sometime during the night. But this year, after the children had examined and caressed their gifts, they ran upstairs to their cupboards and came rushing down with their arms filled with gifts from their own hearts and fingers. There were shoe laces, matches, a pencil holder, and a note pad for Daddy. For Mamma there was a package of needles, a pomander (I was hoping for one), a pot holder, and a snowflake.

As we visited aunts, uncles, and cousins, and finally came to Grandmother's for Christmas dinner, the same joy of giving was repeated over and over. Our children were happy with the gifts they received, of course, but as each relative opened one of their gifts, joy and a desire to please sprang into the children's eyes.

Members of a family are kind. They are sentimental, too. They accept all with open hearts. And dog-eared snowflakes are still put on trees each year, or faded pot holders still hang above kitchen stoves because: "That's the one Billy made for me when he was only six."

The spirit of that Christmas was so warm, the results of gift-making so rewarding for the children, that they have kept the custom ever since. Now our daughters have learned to knit and sew, and last year they knitted slippers and sewed aprons. Our oldest son has laced leather wallets and coin purses, and now he is learning to make metal candlesticks and trays.

Each child still has a special corner of his or her cupboard for keeping Christmas gifts. These begin to fill up long in advance of the holidays. Our youngest son has a bag of pine cones, gathered on a summer trip. He will paint them gold and make door decorations. Anyone who helps make strawberry jam in June is entitled to a few jars to save for Christmas.

The children think long and hard to come up with their own ideas, and it makes my heart glad when I overhear them asking one another: "What are you going to give for Christmas?" □

IN A BABIES' WEAR SHOP

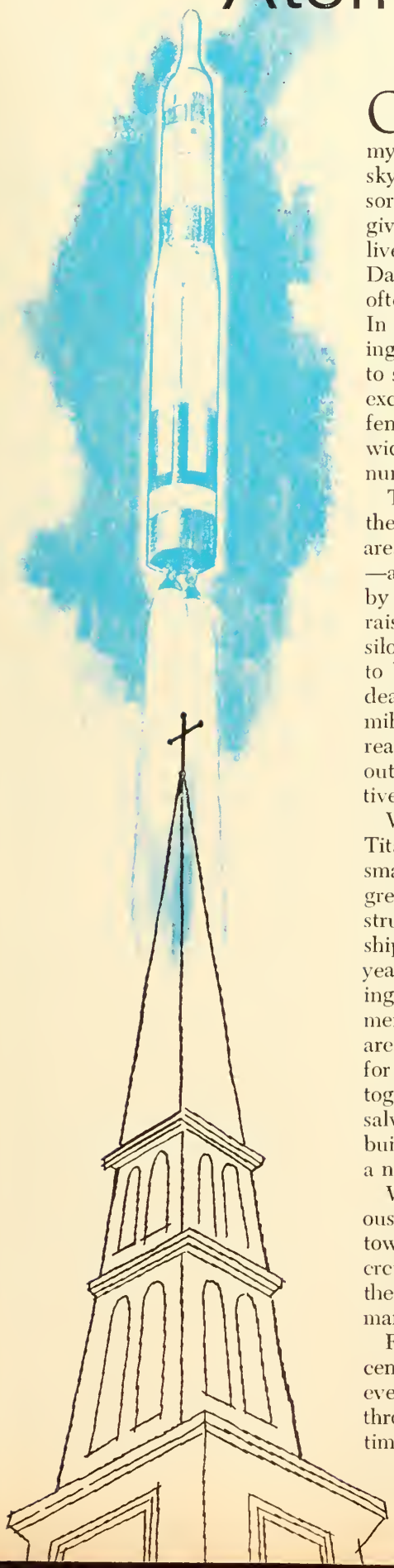
In this enchanting world of miniature,
Where loveliness and practicality
Are sought and purchased, strange to think of her
Who had no such layette as these when she
Approached the stable—only swaddling clothes.
Her heart would have adored this pastel gown,
These wee shoes, fluffier than thistledown,
This blanket decked with butterfly and rose.

And yet, besides the swaddling clothes, she had
So much in which to wrap Him: glow of star,
Music, the shepherds' adoration, glad
Arrival of the Wise Men from afar,
And, dear and warm, the knowledge that her Son
Upon her bosom was the Holy One.

—ELAINE V. EMANS

Atom on My Doorstep

By CURTIS E. JOHNSON



OVER THE HILLTOP from my home, three fingers of steel rose skyward. City-dwellers who see this sort of thing every day might not give it a second thought. But I live on the prairie of western South Dakota, where a 30-foot windmill often is the tallest structure in sight. In the winter, we say there is nothing between us and the North Pole to slow down the stinging winds—except an occasional barb-wire fence. Towns are few, ranches widely separated, and cattle more numerous than people.

This, of course, was one reason the Defense Department chose our area as the site for my new neighbor—a Titan missile base. It is marked by the steel towers which, when raised from their deep underground silos, permit the awesome weapons to be launched on their mission of death and destruction thousands of miles away. Military strategists reasoned that any attempt to knock out this base would result in relatively little damage and loss of life.

Within walking distance of the Titan base rises the spire of our small community church. Our congregation is a merger of two tiny, struggling flocks which had worshiped 12 miles apart until a few years ago. Then, facing up to changing conditions, especially the movement of many rural folk to urban areas, our people decided to strive for a stronger witness by getting together. So, using the materials salvaged from the two old church buildings, we built a new edifice in a new location.

When it was erected—simultaneously with the raising of the Titan towers and the sinking of the concrete missile silos—our spire was the most impressive architectural mark for miles around.

For a while the church was the center of community interest. We even saw a few new faces coming through the doors. For the first time, some people began to realize what a church can mean to them and to a community.

But the initial excitement over both construction projects soon died down. Oh, there were complaints about minor annoyances caused by the new neighbors, such as the time chemical toilets were dumped into a pasture and when careless construction workers let waxed paper from their lunches litter up our roads. But this did not last long.

After a while, people were driving past the church spire and the Titan towers without noticing either one. They simply came to accept both as parts of the normal state of things.

We neighbors did not realize that the atomic age had invaded our privacy until an explosion occurred during construction of the missile base. Fortunately, no one was killed, and only a few persons were injured. Yet this happening impressed upon me that those three towers almost on my doorstep stand for something potent and deadly. Whether I pay any attention to it or not, the base is permanently entwined with my life.

If your travels should bring you over Interstate Highway 90 to the Black Hills, look to the north as you pass the Wicksville exit. In that direction is the Titan base. But you will not see anything now. The base is a series of reinforced concrete tunnels, silos, and chambers deep in the earth—completely self-contained and out of sight.

Occasionally the steel towers are raised in practice launchings, but that means little to us. We now have forgotten how personally the base affects us and our families.

The church spire, too, still is here, and beneath it the church with its message of Jesus Christ. But that will mean little to us, either, unless we take time to remember how personally Christ's message does affect us and our families. □

Through the efforts of courageous men of goodwill, a rigidly segregated southern Illinois city is making a transition in human relations without the violence that once seemed destined to continue.

Cairo's Success Story

By ROBERT L. SANDS
Director, Illinois Area Methodist Information

CAIRO, ILLINOIS, occupies the southernmost tip of Prairie State land between the converging waters of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. By generations of tradition, it has been a city of the American South. Until two years ago, Cairo (residents pronounce it *Kay*-ro) stood as a bulwark of rigid racial segregation. Then, in eight smoldering weeks of tension, pent-up resentments broke through in Negro rebellion—and white retaliation.

Today, significantly changed even though far from having all the answers, this northern-southern city is an example of what goodwill and personal courage can accomplish in human relations. Despite the opposition of many white residents who are dead set against social change, Cairo has evolved from an area of segregation to one of imperfect but significant integration. And, after the initial outburst, change came peacefully.

In that evolution, the school superintendent, the president of the chamber of commerce, the manager of the local telephone company office—all Methodists—and the mayor, a Presbyterian, played key roles, along with two courageous Methodist ministers.

The Rev. Boyd E. Wagner served the 102-year-old First Methodist Church until June. Says the Rev. Blaine Ramsey, Jr., in 1962 pastor of the Cairo African Methodist Episcopal Church, and active in civil rights work: "This man made a cross for himself in Cairo."

The Rev. William D. Fester is pastor of Tigert Memorial Methodist Church in northwest Cairo, a socially exclusive, fully segregated, economically elite district. Both Mr. Wagner and Mr. Fester put their beliefs on the line in their pulpits, and were constantly at work behind the scenes to effect peaceful change.

Cairo is an old city. Here General Ulysses S. Grant trained an army of 20,000 for his Tennessee campaign; here, too, dilapidated "steamboat Gothic" architecture still stands as a reminder of the Civil War South. Some say the town is dying; few would deny that it is, at best, sick. Since boom years of the 1920s, it has lost more than half of its population; unemployment hovers at 12 percent, and the high-school dropout rate has been estimated at a shocking 40 percent.

The Negroes who make up 37 percent of Cairo's 9,348 residents still live largely in a 16-square-block district northeast of the city's center. Outside the city, Negroes still plod wearily behind mules as they work cotton fields.

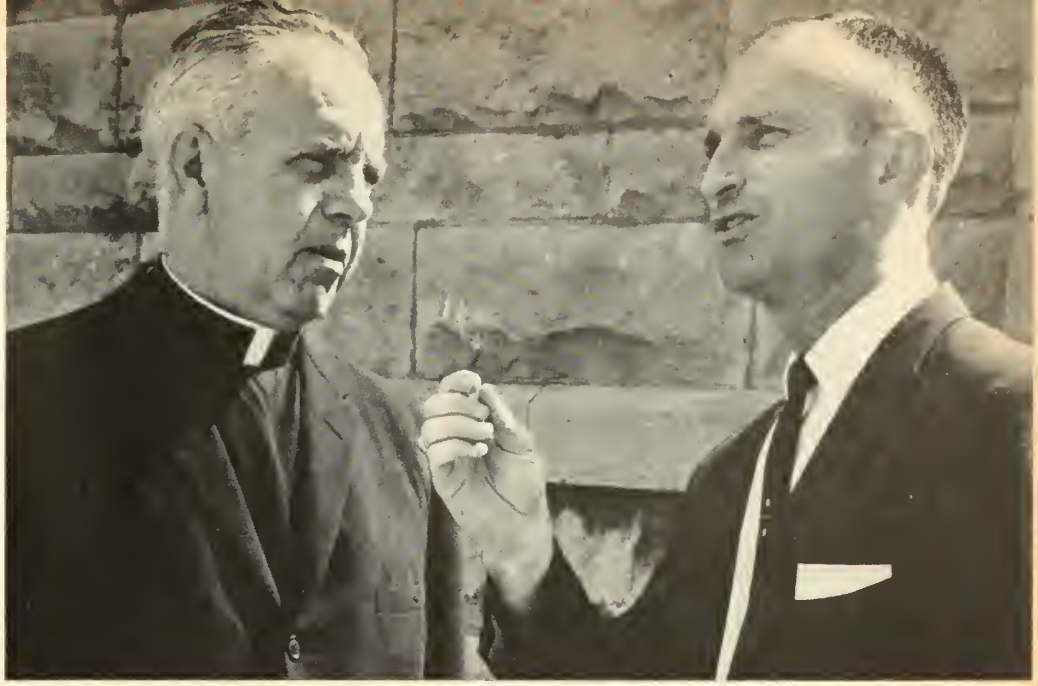
"We came to Cairo in 1961," Mr. Wagner says of himself and his wife, Joyce, "to serve not only First Methodist Church but the entire community. Negroes ought to be served without race in mind. There is one Divine law, one rule for everyone."

At first a majority at the church opposed the young pastor who dared to be a nonconformist. He asked the commission on Christian social concerns for permission to send all church members leaflets on *The Methodist Church and Race* and *The Bible and Race*. They refused, he recalls, "on the theory that the pamphlets would irritate the congregation and bring up things that should be left unsaid."

As Cairo drifted toward its crisis of 1962, Mr. Wagner departed from white-preacher custom by attending a biracial brotherhood meeting in the local AME church. Later he began a quiet dialogue with Negro churchmen and a few liberal white leaders on ways to improve race relations.

Residents were unprepared emotionally and spiritually for the violence, which mocked the page 1 claim of the *Cairo Evening Citizen* that the city is a place "where Southern hospitality meets Northern enterprise." It came on June 26, 1962, when five white and three Negro students from Southern Illinois University (60 miles away in Carbondale), led by fieldworkers of the Student Nonviolent Co-ordinating Committee, began picketing and sit-ins to end discrimination in public accommodations. As targets they chose the privately owned swimming pool near the Negro district, a roller rink, and a highway restaurant.

During the two months of integration attempts by SNCC and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, more



The Rev. Boyd E. Wagner, who served First Methodist Church in Cairo until last June, compares notes on racial progress with Father Fred Kilfoil, who responded to racial conflict by ordering integration of Roman Catholic schools.

The Rev. William D. Fester, pastor of Tigert Memorial Methodist Church, preached integration and joined Mr. Wagner in getting the ministerial association to abandon its racial bars. Unlike Mr. Wagner, he reported no adverse criticism from members of his church.

Methodist James Darrow (left), a social worker, shares his problems with the Rev. Ivan Lively (right), who succeeded Mr. Wagner at First Methodist Church, and District Superintendent Hubert Hurley. The Southern Illinois Conference strongly backed the pastors.

than 50 demonstrators were arrested, and some spent six days in jail. Charges of civil rights violations were lodged against four business firms, and three white youths were booked for aggravated assault. Seven persons were hospitalized.

By the end of August, 1962, flames of anger had given way to the coolness of sober reflection about what might be accomplished to avoid future racial strife. The stage was set—either for improving communication between the races or for further alienation and deterioration into renewed strife.

Pastor Wagner and another Methodist, William K. Williams of the Illinois Commission on Human Relations, moved in, along with others, to see what could be done. "One of our troubles," Mr. Wagner says, "was that there never had been any common ground where whites and Negroes could meet to discuss their mutual problems."

During and after the weeks of violence, Mr. Wagner and Mr. Williams selected half a dozen men who could be depended upon to work together as an unofficial human relations agency.

The city administration was cold to the idea, but the public had caught the challenge. When Cairo-born motel-owner Tom Beadles ran for mayor in November, 1962, on a platform dedicated to racial harmony, he was elected. He and the city commissioners organized the Human Relations Council and by mid-1964 the mayor could announce, "There is now nothing in Cairo that is segregated."

Today, the Human Relations Council—six whites and four Negroes—is a strong force for race harmony. Still, Mayor Beadles observes that, although segregation is no longer a problem in public accommodations, "There's relatively little mixing—that will take time."

Carl Dishinger, member of Tigert Memorial Church and telephone company manager, is one of the most respected members of the council.

"We're not nearly to the place where we ought to be," he says, "but we are making steady, slow progress. Whether we are moving as quickly as the Negro wants us to move is another question."

Cairo School Superintendent Harold Mescher (left) and Leslie Crumbles, Jr., principal of an all-Negro junior high school, are working toward inclusiveness in the city's education system.

Before the violence, Cairo's record in race relations had not been entirely negative. For example, its people had accepted a 1950 school-board decision—four years before the U.S. Supreme Court decision ordering school desegregation—to partially dissolve the color line in education.

Harold Mescher, a Methodist church-school teacher and city superintendent of schools, recalls: "At first, we moved Negroes into public-school classes a few at a time, then every year we integrated more and more. Finally, we opened all schools to everyone, according to his choice."

In practice, this means that some Negro children, by their choice, attend previously all-white schools. But white children do not, by choice, attend all-Negro schools. And Negro teachers do not teach white children.

"The new schools will take care of that," Mr. Mescher says. A year ago, the board of education proposed two new elementary schools to replace all six present buildings, but the plan lost by 390 votes out of a total 1,600 ballots cast. Another referendum is scheduled for 1965.

The NAACP campaigned against the first referendum—in protest, its leaders said, of *de facto* school segregation. But Mayor Beadles attributes the defeat to resistance against higher taxes.

Leslie Crumbles, Jr., 39-year-old principal of all-Negro Washington Junior High School, is a member of the Human Relations Council and of the AME church. His assessment of Cairo is a kind of reverse liberalism which makes dialogue between Negro and white a two-way street for expression of ideas.

"I have confidence in the Human Relations Council," he says. "It will have a tremendous effect in the future. Look what we have done in the last two years. The swimming pool is open to everyone, and so are eating places and motels. Before the Cairo Hotel closed this year, Negroes were guests there. This is *something* for a community which is part of the South by heritage."

The swimming pool, the leading white-supremacy symbol, is open and integrated today primarily because of Mayor Beadles. Last spring the city council submitted a plan which would have allowed Negroes to use the pool, but at different times than whites. The Human Relations Council rejected the proposal, and Mayor Beadles saved the day with an offer by the city to lease the pool from its private owners for $1 a year and operate it on an integrated basis.

"I thought the young people had the right to swim," he says. "The city lost money on the deal, but I plan to operate on the same basis in 1965 if I can get backing from

the city council—and I think I will."

William G. Fox, also Methodist, is a bank vice-president and the president of the chamber of commerce. He takes pleasure in his bank's nondiscriminatory trust policies, which enable Negroes to buy real estate without regard to location.

An official board member and treasurer of First Church, Mr. Fox moved to Cairo from Arkansas where his children attended segregated schools. "In Cairo they attend integrated schools," he says, "and they think nothing of it.

"Integration," he continues, "is something we're going to have to get used to, in the church and out of it—that's my personal opinion. It's going to take time. But if Negroes want to worship with us, they are welcome."

In 1963, Boyd Wagner took the bull by the horns and integrated Boy Scout Troop 101, which is sponsored by First Church. Troop commissioners at first failed to approve the pastor's suggestion—"so we appointed men to troop leadership who would," he says.

The Cairo Ministerial Association became inactive in the fall of 1962 after Mr. Wagner, then its treasurer, and Mr. Fester resigned in protest over refusal of the group to admit Negro clergymen. The two Methodist ministers alone among the 11 members had voted for admission of Negro brethren.

Without a united ministerial sounding board on race policies, the community was uneasy. Mr. Wagner subsequently met quietly with some of his colleagues, led them in prayer, and with their help wrote a new constitution and bylaws for the association. The major change was a clause permitting acceptance of Negro ministers. "Bill and I and two other ministers," said Preacher Wagner, "held to that change as a condition of our own membership."

In 1964, the reactivated association conducted the Good Friday service in First Methodist Church. Negroes were welcome and invited to attend—opening another wide crack in segregation armor.

Earlier, Mr. Fester had made another witness. "I preached on race relations," he recalls, "not knowing what would happen. Actually, I guess I was pretty scared. But not a single adverse reaction came. Instead, I received several commendations. This made me feel I wasn't alone and that my congregation was in back of me."

Meanwhile, Southern Illinois Conference had rallied to support the actions of its two preachers in Cairo. "We supported Boyd and Bill all the way," says District Superintendent Hubert G. Hurley of Carbondale.

"I'LL NEVER forget Bishop Voigt's advice at the end of one telephone conference," Mr. Wagner remembers. "He said, 'No matter what, Boyd, love the brethren.'"

Father Fred Kilfoil, Roman Catholic priest of St. Patrick's parish, met the tension of the summer of 1962, as he says, "in a mood of elation."

"All he did," says Mr. Wagner with a grin, "was to respond to the demonstrations by ordering integration of the all-Negro and all-white parochial schools."

"We anticipated all sorts of troubles," says Father Kilfoil, "but not a thing came of it. In the fall of 1963, we accepted all Negroes who were religiously qualified."

The priest added this footnote to the incident: "We admit that some of our people are as segregated as the Ku-Klux Klan, but as a church the witness is 100 percent."

Carl Worthington, chairman of the Human Relations Council, sees it as a means of "laying the groundwork, of developing information to help us understand better the problems of both sides."

Currently the council is working on plans to offer instruction to Negroes in various specialties as the need arises and employment opportunities are open to them. "We're interested," says Mr. Worthington, "in promoting more than token integration, in heading off demonstrations before they start."

Largely as a result of the council's persuasion, a Cairo variety store promoted a Negro woman stock clerk to the sales floor, shattering precedent. No one could remember when a Negro had ever been given "out front" employment.

The E. L. Bruce Co., which manufactures hardwood flooring, is the largest employer in Cairo. Its plant manager is Forrest High, who was baptized by Mr. Wagner in 1962 and became a member of First Church. The company's total employment is 165, of whom 70 percent are Negroes in various job classifications. The hourly wage minimum of all employees is $1.30; the ceiling is $2.05. Only four men in the wood-processing factory earn $2.05 an hour; none is a Negro.

"One Negro is a top-rated man, however, and I plan to make another one top rated soon," says Mr. High, who outlined his company's policy of teaching unskilled men their trade by on-the-job training. "If I can find the qualified Negro," he adds, "I'll make him a foreman."

Harold Harper, a blunt-spoken, rough-and-ready, First Church Methodist who owns Harper's Restaurant, expressed his Methodism as well as his employment and service policies:

"I serve Negroes here, and I'd just as soon sit with them in church. I have 19 colored people working for me. If Negroes are going to church they are going for help, just like I am."

City leaders today are working toward urban renewal, which would replace Negro ghetto streets with adequate housing. They are heartened because several new businesses have moved in. They dream of the day when local labor may be tapped to build a proposed $100 million Ohio River high dam, which would create a tourist paradise at their doorstep.

Meanwhile, in a continuing response to Negro yearnings, William Fox, chamber of commerce president, and Mayor Beadles have invited the Illinois Conference of the AME Church to hold its September, 1965, annual session in Cairo.

The offer removed doubts of many who wondered whether the merchants and city administrators were serious in opening public accommodations. And it was another giant step toward achieving the true brotherhood envisioned by Cairo's outspoken and courageous Christians. □

Old age is not always pretty, and everybody was upset by Grandmother. But then we learned to . . .

'Remember Grandmother

By KATHLEEN DAVIS

"I WANT to remember Grandmother as she used to be! I wish she didn't have to live with us now, when she's so—so old!"

Susan, coming into the living room with a friend, Linda, had found her grandmother dozing beside the television, her dentures in her lap. Her breathing was audible above the voices.

"Susan! She'll hear you—don't talk that way about your grandmother!" I spoke all the more sharply because I was ashamed that my attitude was little more mature than my 13-year-old daughter's.

When we had planned for Jim's mother to live with us, I had remembered her as she welcomed our family on visits to her roomy old house, as she bustled about preparing our favorite fried chicken and coconut cake; I had remembered her solicitude for me and her loving patience with our children. And I had told myself that now it was our turn to make life pleasant for her.

At 84, Mother had scarcely any vision. This, with occasional confusion, made it impossible for her to continue to live alone.

However, I was not prepared for the realities. Three generations under one roof found living more complicated when that roof covered a small one-floor house instead of two roomy stories.

Our teen-agers complained that they could not bring friends in for cola and record-playing because, "Grandmother's always in the living room!" They objected to her leaving personal things about.

Grandmother was apt to be critical of "these modern teen-agers"! They were impatient with her forgetfulness and slowness. "I can't stand having her help me with dishes!" Susan complained. "It takes twice as long to do them."

Nor was I prepared for Mother's dependence on me. Neither for her pride in independence.

Her favorite diversion now was reminiscing. Our teen-agers quickly tired of her repetitions, and I shared their impatience.

By the end of Mother's third week with us, I realized that I was adding to the strain of my husband's long day by "dumping his mother in his lap" when he came home. As the afternoon wore on, I'd promise, "Jim will be here soon, Mother. He'll take you for a walk outside," or "—read the paper to you," or "—talk with you."

And when Jim came in, I'd hurriedly take him aside for a moment of whispering the day's frustrations. I might as well have said: Now take your mother off my hands for a while! After a demanding day at the office and a 10-mile drive through snarling traffic, Jim enjoys his comfortable chair and the newspaper for a quiet half hour before dinner. But I was denying him this relaxation.

Then I noticed that our son was increasingly critical. "Gram, you've pushed your tomatoes onto the tablecloth!" "Gram, you're dripping ice cream on your dress!" I was annoyed with 15-year-old Mike. But I began to wonder if his impatience reflected such remarks of mine as, "Mother, I'm putting your meat back on your plate."

On the night following Sue's outburst, I could not sleep. Her words reverberated in my brain: "I want to remember Grandmother as she used to be!"

One of our responsibilities to Mother is that we *do* remember her as she used to be, I suddenly realized. That was her true self—the person she willed to be. Her helpfulness, ever kindness, patience,

as She Used to Be'

"It embarrassed our teen-agers to come home and find their grandmother dozing in the living room."

dignity were qualities to which she had disciplined herself. We loved and respected her for them. Was she any less deserving of our love and respect now that those qualities had been dulled by aging?

It was then that I knew that only by changing our attitudes could we show Mother the love and respect she deserves. And *my* attitude could shape the pattern for our family.

That evening after dinner I offered to read the paper to Mother, so Jim could work in the garden. When she dozed after a bit, I walked out to talk with him. I told him how I felt toward Mother—the selfish, impatient fellings as well as the compassionate ones. Sitting down in the grass beside the rows of beans, we discussed our responsibility.

Later that night, with Mike and Susan, we sat around the kitchen table and talked out our problems of three-generation family living. Jim attempted to ease guilt feelings by reminding us that it is normal to have conflicting feelings about sharing our home with an aged relative. Just talking frankly together was a relief for all of us.

We recalled happy visits with Grandmother—even at 80 she had been a thoughtful, gay, and loving hostess. We admitted that old age is sometimes not pretty. We recognized the need for understanding and compassion. We urged Mike and Sue to remember their grandmother as she used to be, and to accept her as she is.

We discussed the need to protect her dignity. I declared that I, as well as the children, must avoid comments about spilled food—they could only add to her feeling of clumsiness and helplessness.

Since it was embarrassing to our teen-agers to find their grandmother dozing in the living room when they brought their friends home, I agreed to ask her to nap in her bedroom in the afternoon. We put a comfortable rocker there, because she prefers to nap in a chair.

I asked Michael and Susan to take some responsibility for walking with their grandmother and for reading to her. There was objection, but Jim and I were firm.

While our talk out had eased ten-

sion and encouraged co-operation, I knew that we would not "live happily ever after" without considerable effort! My attitudes would be reflected by our children. And I knew that I could not simply "put on" better attitudes—they would have to come from the inside out.

That night I prayed about my conflicts and needs. Yes, I had been asking God to help me, but I had been unwilling to give up my feeling of being put-upon. As I prayed that night, I determined to end the self-indulgence of discussing Mother's failings. Was not that a violation of her dignity?

Praying has helped me gain perspective, has helped me to discover small ways of making Mother happy, has helped me to develop inner quietness and patience.

Imagining myself in Mother's place has helped me give up self-sympathy. As I have begun to understand her problems better, ways of helping her have become clear.

One day soon after Mother came to live with us, she said dispiritedly, "I'm just no use to anybody. Seems like all I do is eat and sleep—so that I can live for another day of eating and sleeping." How could we help her to escape this feeling of uselessness?

A few evenings after our family talk, it was necessary for me to shop for groceries after dinner. Sue was having dinner with a friend. Jim and Mike had left for a Scout meeting. The dishes would have to wait until I got back. Hurriedly, I put leftovers in the refrigerator, saw Mother settled with a radio program, and rushed off.

An hour later I dragged back from shopping. Mother was in the kitchen, hanging a dish towel on the rack. The dishes, washed and dried, were stacked on the kitchen table. Beneath my thanks, the old martyr feelings stirred again—I'd have to rewash those dishes! She couldn't possibly see well enough to wash dishes clean! Then I saw the glow of satisfaction on Mother's face. What matter an occasional dish to rewash?

Since then, Mother has had a job —not helping Sue with the dishes, but full responsibility. She works by feel, at her own pace, slowly but carefully. When she finishes, she's tired. "But it's *good* tiredness!" she tells me. Sue, relieved of the dish-washing, helps me in other ways.

Mother has regained a bit of independence in learning, by feel, to prepare her breakfast whenever she wants it. She knows the shapes of her favorite cereal boxes and their location on the shelf. Before pouring juice or milk into a glass, she puts a finger in the glass at the desired level, then pours until the liquid touches her finger. Toast is easy with the pop-up toaster. My only assistance is pouring hot coffee.

Recently I complimented Mother on her soft, white hair. Later, I noticed her sitting at her dressing table, carefully arranging her hair by "feel."

I have found a way of making Mother's reminiscing an occasional pleasure for both of us. I take some mending, settle down near her and start her off with a question. While she happily reconstructs the past, I reconstruct socks, underwear, trouser pockets.

When I voiced my trials during the first days of exasperation, a friend warned, "This could wreck your marriage—*I* know!" It could have, had I continued my petty complaints to my husband. The more I had complained about his mother, the stronger was Jim's need to defend her. Inversely, as I stopped complaining and turned my thoughts to helping her, Jim showed appreciation. And the bond between us has grown stronger.

My improved attitudes are being reflected in the attitude of our teen-agers. Mike seems to enjoy giving his youthful strength to support and guide his grandmother as they walk about the yard each afternoon. And Susan reads the newspaper to Grandmother with enthusiasm, inserting conversational bits here and there. Mother never dozes while Sue reads!

Recently our eye specialist told us that, because of Grandmother's interest in life, he would advise a cataract operation which might enable her to see well enough to get around the house. A year ago, he had advised against such an operation because of her age.

"I want to remember Grandmother as she used to be!" We *are* remembering, and the contrast between our loved one as she was and now is helps us better to understand her present needs: a sense of dignity, a feeling of usefulness, assurance that we love her. As we try to fulfill these needs, our family grows in Christian maturity. □

Old Couple on the Beach

Their hearts run as their feet cannot,
kicking crystal blossoms from the sand,
flying, in a happy child's way, to catch the sea.
Then, hand in hand,
they walk the quiet border of their dreams,
burdened with the years they pull behind them;
they rest . . . and he once again her gleaming knight
brings to her a shell,
pure as love and white,
a magic cup to hold her memories.

—THOMAS J. KELLY

Artist Jiro Ueda demonstrates to a group of teachers how stories can be told with pictures.

New-Look Evangelism in Japan

A Christian minority makes an impact through films, television, and radio, using local means and materials to communicate. By DOROTHY M. BURT

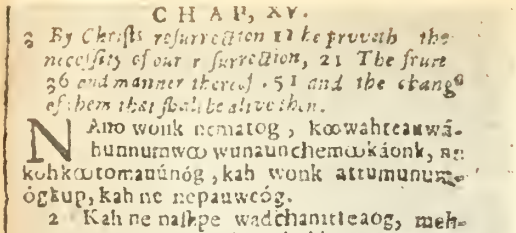
JAPAN HAS been called a museum of religions, and Christianity claims only a very small part of it—no more than one person out of every 200 in a population of more than 94 million.

But working hard today to make Christianity come alive for housewives, teen-agers, factory workers, farmers—everyone it can reach—is AVACO (the Audio-Visual Activities Commission of the National Christian Council of Japan). Forty staff members write radio programs, make films, stage TV shows, and utilize a variety of other audio-visual techniques to reach all Japanese with the good news of the Christian gospel. They also train Christian leaders and hold workshops.

One Methodist Board of Missions official says: "Japanese Christians, through AVACO, have developed probably the best Christian mass-communications program of any overseas area."

There is a grave need for such a program, too. Probably nowhere else in the world (save, perhaps, in communist lands) did religion suffer such a severe setback as a result of World War II. Overnight, the emperor, who had been deified for centuries, was deflated. The

Carved vegetables become puppet actors to tell a Christian story. This new technique was developed out of Japanese culture.



CHAP, XV.

3 By Christs resurrection 12 he proveth the necessity of our resurrection, 21 The fruit 36 and manner thereof. 51 and the change of them that shall be alive then.

NAno wonk nematog, kowahteauwâbunnumwo wunaunchemookáonk, ne kohkootomanúnóg, kah wonk attumunumógkup, kah ne nepauwcóg.

2 Kah ne nashpe wadchanitteaog, mehquontamog uttoh áne kuhkootomanunôg kuttumma tahnoche wunnamptamóg.

3 Newutche kittiunúmaunnumwoo neganne ne wonk attumunumwomp; Christ nuppoówontamup kummatchefeorganuonash; neáunag wussukwhonganash.

4 Kah noh mo poteekinau, kah omohkeu wonk nathikqninogok neaúnag wussukwonganash.

5 Kah wunnanópuh Céphas, neit nabonesoontcheg.

The Bible NO ONE Can Read

OF THE MILLIONS of Bibles ever printed, the version published by John Eliot in 1663 is unique. Today, no one can read it—because there is no one alive who understands its language, a dialect of the Massachuset Indians.

John Eliot, one of America's early ministers, came to the New World from England when he was 27. He divided his time between his church at Roxbury, Mass., and the Indians. Since he could not speak the natives' tongue, an interpreter repeated everything he said to the Massachuset, the tribe for whom the state was named.

This slow, secondhand method of preaching the Gospel did not satisfy the missionary. He began studying the language and by 1642 was able to preach a sermon in the Massachuset dialect.

Having conquered the spoken word, Eliot set out to put it on paper. The first thing he wrote was the Lord's Prayer. In 1653 he added a primer, or catechism.

After eight years' work, he reached his real goal—a complete Bible in the Massachuset language. It was the first Bible translation in America and the first in an Indian dialect.

Eliot's Bible also was the first one printed in America. Copies were distributed in Europe as well as in the colonies. But when James Trumbull, an authority on Indian dialects, died in 1897, the last man known to be able to read the book perished. Eliot's version today is truly the Bible no one can read.

—IDA M. PARDUE

result was a spiritual vacuum, for the traditional Buddhism and Shintoism failed to offer hope or provide real meaning to life.

Japanese Christians were eager to fill the gap. But the problems were enormous. First of all, there is the stigma of a foreign religion. "Most Japanese I meet think Christianity is just an American importation," an Australian noted sadly. "They view it about as they do Coca-Cola."

CHRISTIANS often face a rough road. A student at a secular university in Tokyo explained: "At church, everyone is expected to be a witness—but only on Sunday. At the university, it is unheard of to be a Christian, and it is difficult to make any witness."

This is true even though the country has had Christians among its high government officials and even though Toyohiko Kagawa's Christianity has had massive impact in Japan as well as elsewhere around the world.

Japanese Christians know that they must develop a Christianity that is indigenous to Japan. AVACO is searching for the words and the way to present the message. The theme of its program is: "Where can one find a word of hope?"

Christianity is not really new to Japan. It was introduced shortly after the Portuguese found their way to the islands in 1542. It prospered, partly for commercial reasons, but after years of favor came persecution. It was suppressed in 1614 and did not return until after the reopening of Japan by Commodore Matthew Perry in 1854.

AVACO, started after World War II, has tackled the problem of communications head on to take the Gospel to the people where they are, in good Wesleyan tradition. In 1955, it dedicated a new headquarters on the grounds of Aoyama Gakuin University in Tokyo.

AVACO was made possible through the financial support of RAVEMCCO (the Radio, Visual Education and Mass Communication Committee of the Division of Foreign Missions in the National Council of Churches). RAVEMCCO itself is supported by 15 U.S. and Canadian churches, including the Methodist.

In addition, Methodists are related to the National Christian Council of Japan, of which AVACO is a part.

Japan has more than 13 million television sets for which AVACO is busy preparing programs. Its first was a Christmas candlelight service, and now a series of 13 evangelistic films is being produced.

Since 1957, a radio series called *Songs of the Heart* has tried to interpret Christianity in everyday terms. It is heard over Radio Tokyo and Radio Kobe, and it ends with an invitation to listeners to send their comments and questions to the studio.

The letters do come in. Significantly, most are from older teenagers. Many have come to the cities to get jobs. They are lonely, and the city pace is bewildering after their country upbringing. The educational level of the letter writers is often rather low.

A housewife writes to say that she loves to listen to the programs. She comments particularly on the story of the repatriate from Taiwan who has found a great source of strength in the Bible and who has made a success of himself as the manager of a shoe store in Tokyo. The writer, too, is a repatriate and identified herself with the man.

A MAN of 32 writes, "I am not a Christian, but the hymns that we hear over the radio in the morning are very refreshing and the short interpretations of them are very helpful to us."

At noon each day, the entire AVACO staff gathers for worship. Otherwise, each is busy with his particular job. They answer film requests and letters. Other letters are sent to Japan Home Bible League or to pastors who will visit the writers. Sunday-school teachers are helped to choose the right kind of materials. There are consultations with actors, artists, engineers.

Slowly, carefully, they reach thousands of people. And these people—all kinds of them, asking all kinds of questions—are the potential future Christians. □

Three Kings of Orient: *Following a star, they brought gifts to the child.*

Tadao Tanaka...
Japan's No. 1 Christian Artist

Among Japan's 25,000 professional artists, he is best known as "the man who prefers to paint Christ." Tadao Tanaka, son of a Japanese Protestant clergyman, explains: "I have always lived in a Christian home. Even today I can recall the Bible stories my father told me. These are the stories I am now placing on canvas." In a non-Christian land renowned for its dedication to beauty, Tanaka is a leading artist and teacher. He is successful, declares a fellow Japanese artist, because "he has an intense feeling and love for the One whom he is painting."

Jesus in Nazareth: *"And Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature..." (Luke 2:52.)*

The Four Evangelists: *Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John recorded the Gospel story.*

On the Sea of Galilee: *Pressed by crowds, Jesus taught from a boat.*

"His technique, ability, and reputation are such that he cannot be ignored," writes Chaplain Thomas W. Klewin, who became a close friend of the Japanese artist while stationed with the U. S. Air Force in Japan. "People come to admire his technique and are confronted by a message in oils—the same message Tadao's father proclaimed from the pulpit. He is the leading artist displaying Christian art in a land still largely non-Christian." Tanaka studied in France and much of his work shows a pronounced Western influence. His style has been compared to that of Rouault's, and by some to Byzantine art.

Jesus Washing the Disciples' Feet: *"Do you know what I have done to you?" (John 13:12.)*

The Shame of Judas: *"And they paid him thirty pieces of silver." (Matthew 26:15.)*

Jesus and His Mother on the Way to Calvary: *Later, Simon of Cyrene helped to bear the cross.*

Tanaka's colors, often bright and vivid, become somber as he portrays the Crucifixion. It was a grim custom, ending in an unbelievably cruel climax, that a man should carry his own cross. The depth of the Japanese artist's feeling on these two pages reflects two curt verses from John 19:17-18: "So they took Jesus, and he went out, bearing his own cross, to the place called the place of a skull . . . There they crucified him, and with him two others, one on either side..." Here Tanaka, an artist of stature who uses his talents and position for conveying the Christian faith, comes to the full height of the artist's power.

Disposition: *Learning that Jesus was dead, Pilate gave Joseph of Arimathea permission to remove the body.*

Dividing the Garments of Jesus: *Roman soldiers cast lots for the Lord's seamless tunic.*

Nallaka

Pentecost: *"And there appeared to them tongues as of fire..." (Acts 2:3.)*

CHARLIE BROWN—
The Theologian!

By ROBERT SHORT

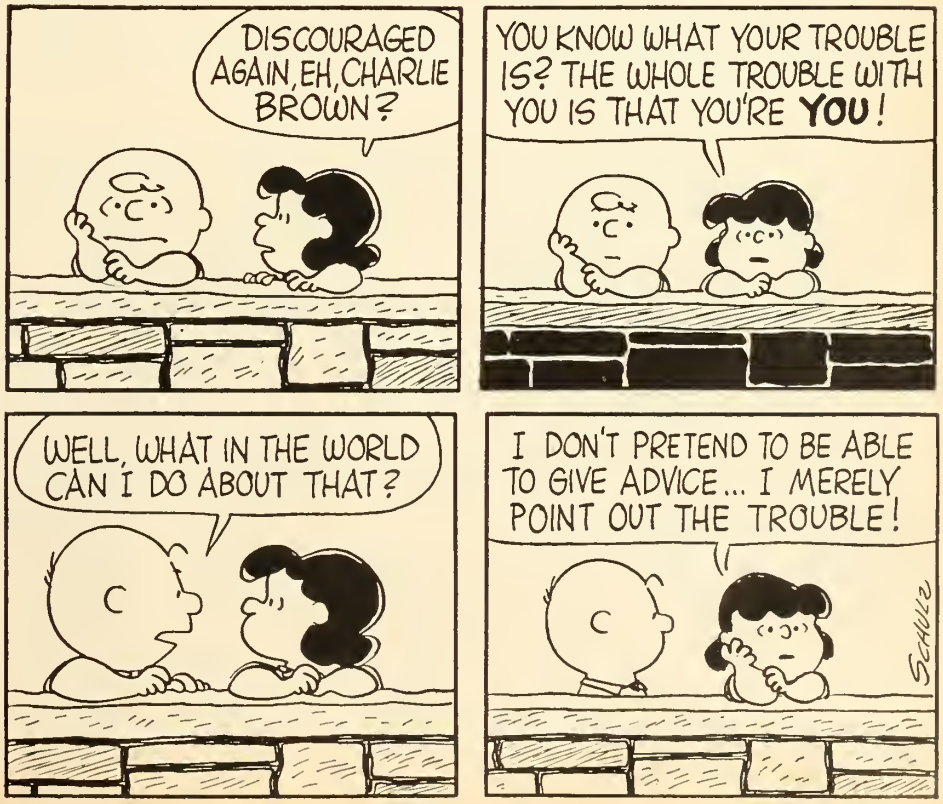
THIRTY MILLION Americans —plus citizens of Hong Kong, Turkey, Sweden, Venezuela, Japan, and other widely separated parts of the world—are devoted to the daily doings of a group of children in a comic strip[1] called *Peanuts.* Two books[2] about them have been best-sellers.

It is interesting to speculate on how many readers might be less—or more—ardent in their addiction to the little characters created by Charles M. Schulz if they were told that "good ol' Charlie Brown" and his friends are doing some of today's most eloquent preaching.

The theological implications of their antics are no accident. Schulz is a dedicated Christian who believes all Christians should go out and do some preaching. In his own time, he has preached on street corners with groups of other laymen, but now he confines his teaching to his cartooning and to an adult Bible class at the Methodist Church in Sebastopol, Calif. He is a member of the Church of God, but says he feels equally at home with Methodists because they are part of God's total church. He also draws teen-age cartoons for about 70 different church publications, including TOGETHER [see *Teens Together*, page 56].

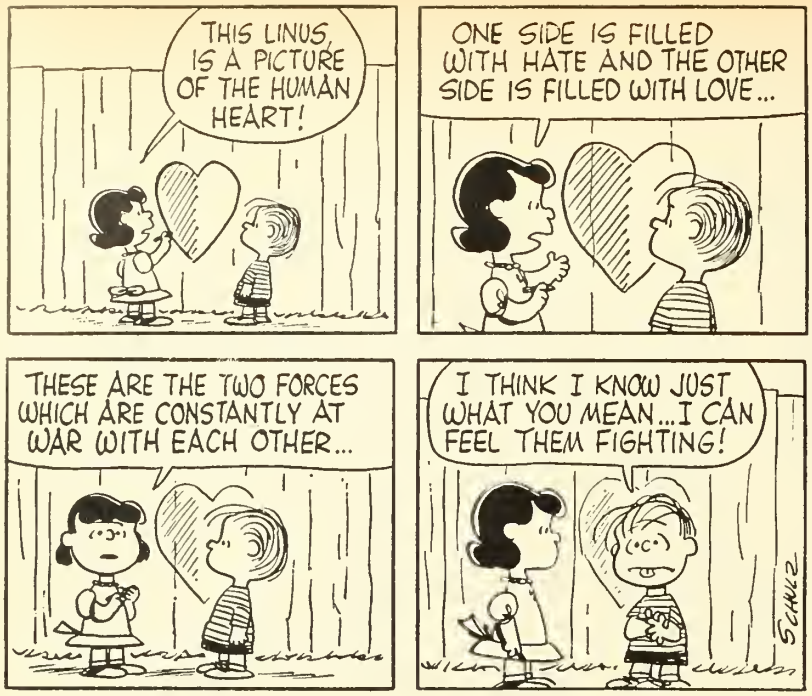
In *Peanuts,* Schulz's teaching is so subtle that, while there are plenty of lessons to be learned, we are not always sure what they are. Charlie Brown's friend Lucy characterizes our frequent inability to see these lessons, by saying, after practically using a magnifying glass to read a book of stories, "No matter how hard I try, I can't read between the lines."

Charlie Brown, his heart constantly set on winning, yet never winning anything—baseball games,



[1] Peanuts *cartoons copyright 1958, 1959, 1960 by United Features Syndicate, Inc. Used by permission.*—EDITORS

[2] Peanuts *books are published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, the latest of which is* As You Like It, Charlie Brown *(§1).*—EDITORS



friends, or kite-flying contests, with his T-shirt of thorns and globe-like head—is a good 20th-century symbol of Everyman. Lucy, rugged individualist and incurable optimist, has comments on all things and no-nonsense solutions for many. She can look a fact of life fearlessly in the face and wither Charlie Brown or her brother, Linus, with pragmatic pronouncements. In her dedication to Schroeder, however, she is vulnerable. Schroeder, in turn, lives only for his piano, upon which he plays the works of his beloved Beethoven.

The sensitive Linus, almost but not quite an intellectual, can admit he is insecure, but cannot give up the symbol of his insecurity, the blanket he carries which Lucy calls his "spiritual tourniquet."

Some readers interpret the dog, Snoopy, to be a Christ figure, but at most he is probably a "little Christ," a rather typical Christian with a few more "character traits" (the term Linus uses for foibles) than we would expect of divinity. But when Charlie Brown falls on the ice and cannot get home, it is Snoopy who rescues his friend. He is a "peculiar dog," says Charlie Brown, a term that is reminiscent of a Bible reference to Christians as "a peculiar people, zealous of good works" (Titus 2:14 KJV).

Certain theological motifs run throughout the strip. Appearing most frequently are expressions of the human side of the divine-human encounter traditionally described by the doctrine of original sin. For Charlie Brown's "whole trouble" does not come from anything he has *done* wrong. It lies deeper, it is a *state*, stemming from who he is. "The whole trouble with you is that you're *you*!" Lucy tells him. "Well, what in the world can I do about that?" he asks. "I don't pretend to be able to give advice," she replies. "I merely point out the trouble." Original sin means that basic human nature, in every individual, is not what it ought to be. Accordingly, it is not enough for a man to be born once; he must be born twice, or "born again." This is why *genuine* change in human attitudes is so very rare—sin has a far deeper, or more "original," hold on our lives than we would ordinarily like to think. This inability to really change one's own life is a constant theme in *Peanuts*.

The war between sin and righteousness that can thus go on within man is explained graphically by Lucy, who draws a picture of "the human heart," darkens one side, and tells Linus: "One side is filled with hate and the other side is filled with love. These are the two forces which are constantly at war with each other." Or, as St. Paul put it: "I see in my members another law at war with the law of my mind and making me captive to the law of sin which dwells in my members" (Romans 7:23).

Peanuts has been called "a child's garden of reverses" because it is concerned with sin and the spirit-

ual death that is its wages. Sin here is the worshiping of that which is not God—which, of course, can include anything. All the little folks in *Peanuts* embody the tragic flaw of idolatry, and each collects his inevitable wages for pumping first-rate concerns into second-rate causes. Lucy idolizes Schroeder; Schroeder worships Beethoven; Charlie Brown bends his heart and soul toward winning; Linus has his heart wrapped up in his blanket. But even the "portable security" of Linus' blanket is prey to the precariousness and ambiguity of existence—or "the judgment of God," to put it another way. Snoopy snatches the blanket away; Lucy makes it into a kite that is accidentally released to orbit the globe; Linus' "blanket-hating grandma" constantly threatens it; and wash-day incapacitates it.

But the dreadful "sickness unto death" that is the consequence of sin does not always wait for the collapse of particular idols. More often, it is expressed as a kind of nameless or nebulous anxiety. Charlie Brown confesses that the one location in which he always feels out of place is—"earth!"

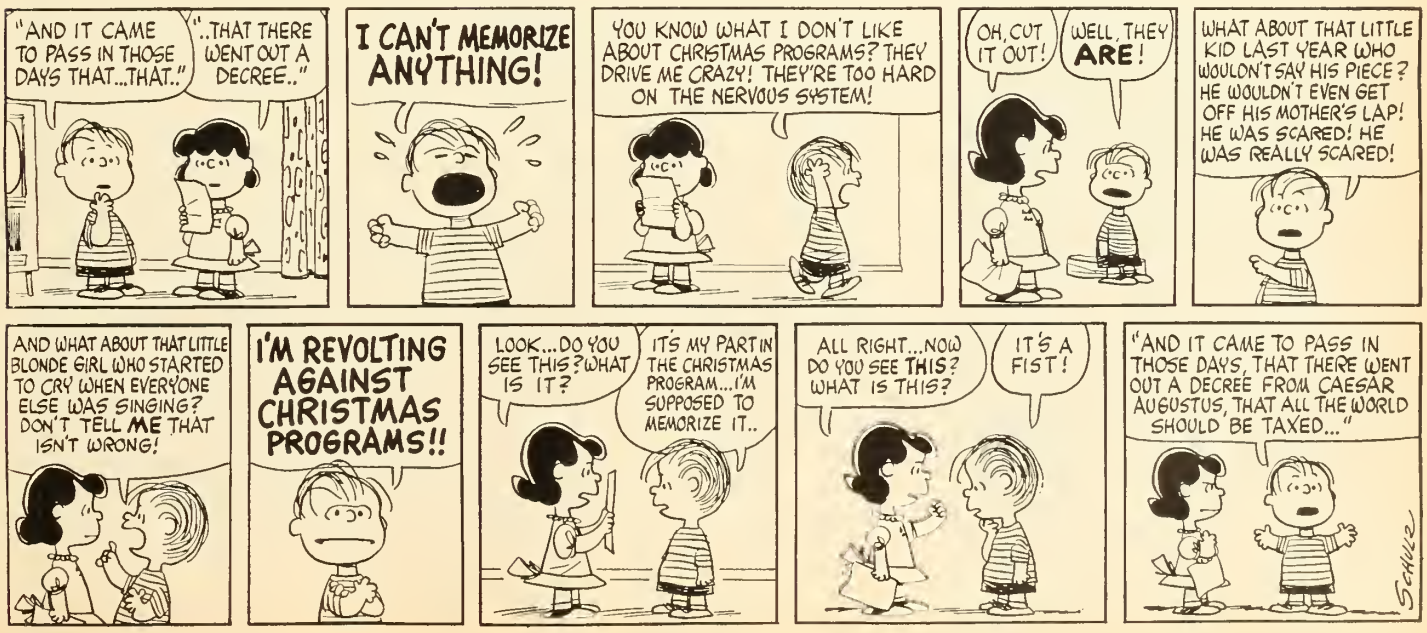
It is through this holy terror or spiritual death that one learns the dread of sin, and thus it is fear that teaches us to remember God's own program of salvation. Men always have rebelled against this harsh manner of teaching. Job cries out against God: "Thou hast turned cruel to me; with the might of thy hand thou dost persecute me" (Job 30:21). Yet it is also Job who finally tells us, "Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom" (Job 28:28). The little people in *Peanuts* often show us how this valuable lesson is learned, as when Linus revolts against memorizing his part in the Christmas program until Lucy brandishes her clenched fist.

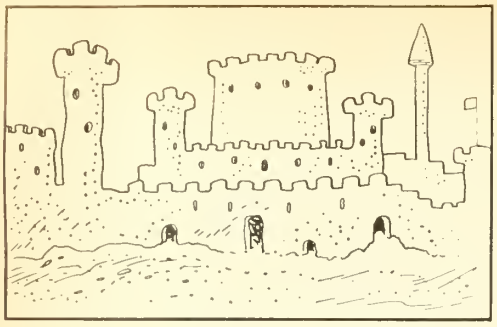
The author of Ecclesiastes tells us that all of man's hopes and dreams and efforts, apart from his fear of God, are "vanity and a striving after wind" (Ecclesiastes 2:11). Charlie Brown's hopes and dreams and efforts are quite literally "a striving after wind." For all of Charlie Brown's windy efforts seem to be summed up in his kites. None of them has ever quite gotten off the ground. They always meet the barrier of the tree, a literary and biblical symbol for the cross or Crucifixion, which can also be extended to symbolize the crucifixion of all *our* hopes, dreams, efforts, and false gods.

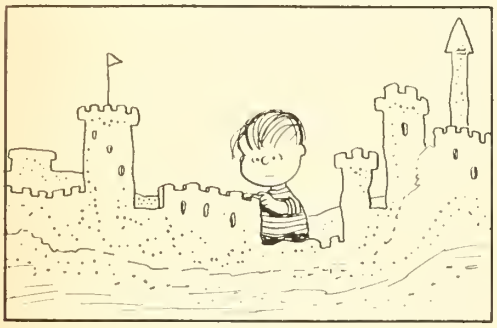
Charlie Brown's kites fall afoul of every imaginable kind of tree. Thus he would certainly understand the ancient Hebrew law from which Paul said Christ had delivered us: "Cursed be every one who hangs on a tree" (Galatians 3:13). This kind of curse does seem to be on Charlie Brown.

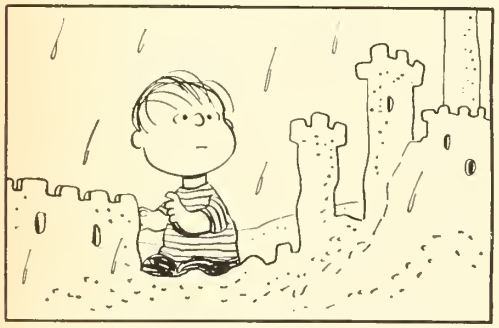
But for Charlie Brown, just as for the Christian, the tree that first seems to be an archenemy becomes our central support and refuge. As Lucy tells Linus, trees "prevent erosion, their wood is used to build beautiful houses, they provide shade from the sun, protection from the rain. And [as she sees Charlie Brown dolefully leaning against one] when life gets too hard, they are very good to lean against."

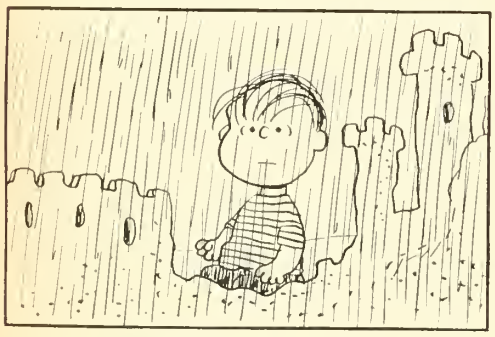
The central tone in *Peanuts* is "good grief"; and the redemptive element that transforms grief into good comes about through Snoopy. Being a dog, Snoopy is more lowly than the other members of the *Peanuts* crew, but at the same time this outward distinction seems to represent an infinite inward difference. As the "hound of heaven," Snoopy's job seems to be to afflict

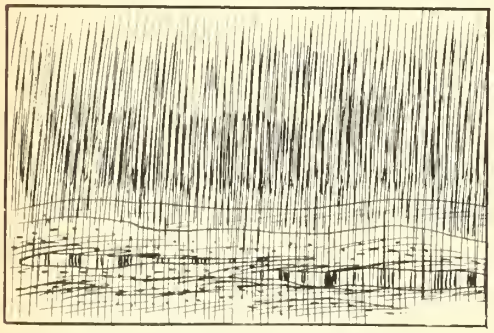












the comfortable and comfort the afflicted.

There are theological implications, also, in Linus' imaginary "Great Pumpkin," who will "bring toys to all the good little boys and girls" every Halloween. Linus admits he has been "guilty of heresy" when for the umpteenth consecutive year the "Great Pumpkin" fails to appear. When the "expected one" finally does arrive, it is only Snoopy, poking his head up out of the pumpkin patch—a rather miserable token, so far as Linus is concerned, of the expected "great one."

Snoopy has other humiliating experiences. One of them, in which he is repelled by his friends as he devotedly attempts to lick their hands, faces, and feet, is remarkably similar to the following passage in John (13:8), in which Christ is attempting to wash the feet of his disciples: "Peter said to him, 'You shall never wash my feet.' Jesus answered him, 'If I do not wash you, you have no part in me.' Simon Peter said to him, 'Lord, not my feet only but also my hands and my head!' "

The Bible has used the dog as a symbol for faith because before a man can become a Christian he must take on the dog's watchfulness, his lowly obedience, loyalty to his master, and service to others. Snoopy knows this lowliness also means beatitude. Pondering "why some are born dogs while others are born people," he exclaims: "Why should *I* have been the lucky one?"

Far more theological undertones can be seen in the parables of *Peanuts*, but by this time others will want to try their own hands at "reading between the lines." I am sure everyone can enjoy the strip for its offbeat humor, whether he also enjoys looking for a deeper level of meaning or not. But the meaning is obviously there. For, as Mr. Schulz has put it, "Humor which does not say anything is worthless humor. So I contend that a cartoonist must be given a chance to do his own preaching."

The crew-cut, unassuming creator of *Peanuts* works in a roomy studio in the 14-room house he inhabits with his wife, their five children, miscellaneous relatives, and a large assortment of pets. It is in California's magnificent coastal mountain range, 40 miles north of San Francisco.

Schulz denies that the ideas for *Peanuts* come from his own small fry. He allows that Charlie Brown may mirror some of his own childhood troubles, but adds quickly that he also reflects the troubles of millions of others.

The son of a St. Paul, Minn., barber, Schulz spent two years trying to get out of the eighth grade, and finally graduated from high school with the dubious distinction of having flunked Latin, English, algebra, and physics.

His career as a cartoonist did not begin auspiciously, either. His high school rejected the cartoons he submitted for its yearbook. He took correspondence courses from an art school in Minneapolis, then was scooped up by the draft into World War II. Back in St. Paul after military service, his first art job was free lance and part time, doing lettering for a Roman Catholic comic magazine. One day the magazine bought a cartoon from him in which a little boy said: "Y' know Judy, I think I could learn to love you if your batting average was just a little higher." It set the pattern for today's *Peanuts*.

Since then, Schulz has been drawing kids. In 1950, the strip about Charlie Brown and his friends was named *Peanuts* by a cartoon syndicate and sold to eight daily newspapers. *Peanuts* made the Sunday comic sections two years later, and from then on Charlie Brown and his friends began acquiring devoted readers.

This is a comfort to Schulz, who admits he has about given up his dream of playing baseball with the San Francisco Giants. He already has surpassed his other dream: to make $1,000 a week, as did the creator of Skeezix.

With the little folk of *Peanuts* appearing in more than 800 papers in 40 countries, Schulz's income has enabled him to build, on the 28 acres surrounding his home, a tennis court, a swimming pool, riding stables, and—perhaps, in tribute to Charlie Brown—a baseball diamond! □

THEOLOGY

Crosscurrents of change rippling through church life are deeply rooted in today's theological ferment. What are the new directions in theology? What do they mean to laymen? Here is a bright young scholar's analysis.

By THOMAS C. ODEN
Professor of Ethics and Historical Theology
The Graduate Seminary, Phillips University, Enid, Okla.

ALTHOUGH "THEOLOGY" is still a scare word for some laymen, those who have the most to gain from current theological discussion are precisely those laymen who yearn for a new shape of the church. Not since the Reformation has it been more exciting to be a Protestant layman. For God is renewing the church in our midst, and calling *all* churchmen to share in that renewal by loving God with our minds, not merely with our muscles or our pocketbooks.

With the exception of the Vatican Council, the major event in theology during the last decade was the publication last year of *Honest to God*, by Church of England Bishop John A. T. Robinson. His book has been as widely discussed by nonreligious people as any theological publication of this century. The significance of *Honest to God* is not that the ideas it expresses are so original but that it brings together many of the themes of theologians Paul Tillich, Rudolf Bultmann, and Dietrich Bonhoeffer, puts them in a fresh focus, and invites laymen to grapple seriously with them. The fact that the book was written by a sedate Anglican bishop has given an aura of ecclesiastical sanction to the new directions in theology reported in this article.

Both *liberalism* (with its rosy view of man, utopian view of history, and absorption of modern ideologies) and *fundamentalism* (characterized by verbal inspiration of Scriptures, pious introversion, and defensiveness concerning science) are old hat in the midst of the recovery of lay theology today. What is replacing them?

This article will examine two questions: What currents moving in theology today are of special relevance to laymen? And how are Methodists sharing in the theological renewal of our time?

I. The Ministry of the Laity

In an age of stuffy professionalism, we are hearing that the church's ministry belongs to the whole church, all the people of God, not merely to the religious professionals. Characteristic Protestant emphasis on the priesthood of all believers does not mean the priesthood of each believer individually, but the priesthood of the whole church for the whole world—and especially the laity offering itself for service and witness amid the vocational structures of the world.

The phrase which captures the heart of lay renewal is: "The church does not *have* a mission, it *is* mission." The church's mission, then, becomes not the cultivation of a withdrawn community of pious self-congratulation, but active witness by laymen to the love of God in Jesus Christ amid the structures of the secular world. The laity *embodies* the ministry of the church.

Among many ecumenical voices currently stressing the ministry of the laity are some Methodist theologians, bringing into the discussion our own distinctive Wesleyan traditions. A key example is Franklin Littell, professor of church history at Chicago Theological Seminary. One of his books, *The German Phoenix*, is a penetrating history of the reawakening of the German church during the Nazi regime, and includes an account of how German lay academies approach dialogue with the world. In other writings, he relates the overarching theme of lay ministry to the Methodist heritage, indicating how the Wesleyan stress on class meetings, disciplines, biblical study, and mutual pastoral care provides a stimulating precedent for rethinking our own ministry as laymen in today's world.

Others have experimented with practical attempts to embody this theology of the laity in concrete, living experimental communities. The ministry of the Rev.

Robert A. Raines, to cite one local-church pastor, has been marked by a stubborn concern for the conversion of persons already in the church through depth lay theological study. He outlines his approach in his book, *New Life in the Church*. Dr. Joseph W. Mathews has provided imaginative leadership for the Ecumenical Institute in Chicago, which stresses the need for laymen to rethink and live out the church's mission amid the fantastic new shape of urban life, and to develop disciplined worship, study, and mission aimed at the creation of *a new style of Christian community* amid the secular world.

II. Ecumenical Theology

It is exciting to be a churchman in a time in which God is calling forth the oneness of the church. We are beginning to learn anew that, despite all our historical brokenness, the church is *one* in Jesus Christ. The aim of the ecumenical movement is to manifest openly the unity which we have already been given in Jesus Christ, and to shape our institutional life so that it will in some measure reflect that unity.

The deepest significance of the ecumenical movement, therefore, is not that Christians are learning to co-operate with one another, or even that we are learning to talk together across the fences of our various traditions, although that is a great achievement. Rather, it is the fact that God is acting within the broken body of Christ to heal that brokenness, and to call the church back to the oneness which it has a right and an obligation to enjoy.

At first the ecumenical movement simply involved co-operation in service projects. Although this continues, today it has deepened into a more serious attempt to understand one another in our differences. For it is not until we have seriously listened to Lutherans, Greek Orthodox, Pentecostals, and other Christians that we will gain the right to think more seriously about forms of organic union. This, hopefully, is a part of the promise of the ecumenical movement, although not its final or even its most important goal.

Co-operation in service projects has been going on for a long while at the local level, but the time now is ripe for us to enter into serious dialogue with neighboring churches of all sorts, aiming not at agreement but at understanding who we are in our various traditions, how we got this way, and asking how God is at work to mend the church's divisions. Ecumenical theology is that very practical process of learning from one another about the unity we already share in Jesus Christ and, therefore, it is just as much the business of laymen as of theologians.

The ecumenical movement, from its early development under Methodist layman John R. Mott to the present, has drawn heavily upon Methodist leadership. In recent years, one man stands out as a giant among Methodist and even Protestant ecumenical theologians. He is Dr. Albert C. Outler, professor of theology at Perkins School of Theology in Dallas and an official Methodist observer at the Vatican Council. While standing self-consciously and joyfully within the Methodist tradition, he has a profound grasp of other traditions with whom we exist in mutual responsibility for the Christian heritage. Dr. Outler has broken a major logjam between Catholics and Protestants by proposing a new formula for discussing the relation of scripture and tradition.

Dr. Oden, seen here on the campus of Phillips University, has himself contributed to current theological discussion through various articles and a book, Radical Obedience: The Ethics of Rudolf Bultmann, *published last May by Westminster Press. He has taught at Yale and Perkins School of Theology.*

III. The Recovery of Reformation Theology

A third basic thrust in contemporary theology is the recovery of our historical rootage in Reformation theology, and the rediscovery of our place within the context of the whole Christian tradition. One can easily see the close interrelationship of this "neo-Reformation theology" with ecumenical conversations, since if we are to have meaningful dialogue with other communions, we must do so out of an understanding of our own tradition and our continuity with the broader ecumenical heritage. So it is not surprising that many of the same figures who have been concerned with ecumenical theology and the ministry of

the laity also are concerned with the recovery of our Reformation heritage. An excellent example is Dr. Outler, whose recent book, *John Wesley, a Library of Protestant Thought,* offers a rich sampling of Wesley's writings, accompanied by highly illuminating introductions and comments.

What is it that we need to recover from our Reformation heritage? Under the spell of noisy 19th-century revivalism, with its emphasis on individual, moral, emotional conversion, American Protestantism veered far away from many central affirmations of the 16th-century reformers, Luther and Calvin. Today, serious restudy of their thought is being shared by theologians and laymen. A genuine recovery of Reformation theology would mean a reversal of American Protestantism's drift toward egocentric piety, nature worship, and businessman's religion.

One British Methodist theologian now teaching in America at Garrett Theological Seminary in Evanston, Ill., Philip S. Watson, has made a rich and readable contribution to this reappraisal of Reformation theology in his book *Let God Be God,* a highly perceptive study of the central themes of Martin Luther's theology. Since we pietistic American Methodists have so long been isolated from the core of Reformation thinking, it comes as a fresh breeze in Methodist preaching to hear renewal emphasis on the themes of justification by grace through faith alone, the priesthood of all believers, and the ministry of Word and sacrament.

IV. Biblical Theology

Another contemporary thrust is the attempt to rediscover the power of the biblical witness and to express it in the language of our time. These efforts have profound relevance for our time. They are being made by a new breed of biblical scholars who are dedicated to hardheaded historical-critical study of the Bible, yet at the same time to the representation of the Word of God in contemporary language. These are not merely irrelevant scholarly exercises to measure the size of the bathroom in Solomon's temple, but an effort to hear anew God's own Word speaking through the Bible to men of today.

Though the main emphasis of contemporary Protestant theology is the recovery of the unity and mission of the church through the reappropriation of biblical witness and our Reformation heritage, there are some major variations on this theme. This can be illustrated by examining briefly the contributions of three theologians who are giving decisive new direction to the contemporary scene: Paul Tillich, Rudolf Bultmann, and Dietrich Bonhoeffer. However different they may be, they share a concern for the central problem of how to understand and appropriate the Christian message in the modern world.

V. Tillich's Theology of Culture

Recent American theology especially has felt the impact of an effort called "theology of culture." Briefly, this concern is to listen in all seriousness to what is being said in contemporary art, literature, architecture, psychiatry, and philosophy, drawing from them the human questions to which the Christian revelation exists as an answer. Its chief exponent has been Paul Tillich, who was dismissed from his teaching post by the Nazis in 1933, and has since been a leading figure in American theology. His approach to theology has been to correlate culture's questions with theology's answers. Tillich has argued that every cultural expression contains certain ultimate concerns, so that a serious study of culture will yield religious meanings. So the "theology of culture" theologians have been as interested in writers like William Faulkner or Albert Camus as they are in the Bible, and as concerned to understand Picasso's art or Heidegger's philosophy as they are to study the Christian tradition.

Among Methodist theologians noteworthy for their contributions in this study of the religious concerns of contemporary culture are Stanley Hopper of Drew, who has analyzed the spiritual themes in contemporary literature, Tom F. Driver, the perceptive drama critic of *The Christian Century,* and W. Paul Jones of Princeton, who recently has suggested that we should understand cultural creation as a gift of God in relation to the Incarnate Word of God in Jesus Christ. Perhaps the leading recent Methodist interpreter of contemporary literature, however, is the Yale philosophical theologian, Julian Hartt, whose new book, *The Lost Image of Man,* is a critical analysis of the novels of Joyce, Faulkner, Camus, Lawrence, Steinbeck, and Golding.

VI. Bultmann's Existential Theology

The movement which is perhaps shaping Protestant theology more than any other in this decade, however, is centered in the effort to utilize the language of existential philosophy to re-present the New Testament proclamation (*kerygma*) in 20th-century language. Although such varied theologians as the Protestant Barth, the Catholic Rahner, and the Jew Buber have used existential philosophy, the one with whom this effort has taken decisive shape is Rudolf Bultmann, a German New Testament scholar. He has proposed that we take seriously the meanings which ancient mythologies sought to express, and translate them into the worldly language of the 20th century. Bultmann calls for "demythologizing" the New Testament preaching, seeking not to do away with myth but to make sense out of it in existential language. Faith in the Christ event, he says, does not mean we must also accept the outmoded unscientific world view in which the earliest Christian witness was cast. Bishop Robinson's *Honest to God* has helped bring this discussion to laymen.

Bultmann's proposal has sparked a whole new area of theological study—*hermeneutics,* the study of the principles of interpretation of historical documents. "The hermeneutical circle" is that dialogue which exists when we bring to the Scriptures our deepest human questions, then in turn the Scriptures address us with their own unique interpretation of human existence. This process constantly re-forms our questions to Scripture. It is this continuing circle of investigation and response, in which we are being in-

terpreted by the biblical word and attempting to interpret ourselves under that word, which the post-Bultmannian school is now trying to understand.

Professor John B. Cobb, of Methodism's Southern California School of Theology, has played a major role in bringing these new developments to the attention of American scholars. Methodism's most brilliant young theologian, Schubert M. Ogden of Perkins School of Theology, has translated a volume of Bultmann's essays and joined vigorously in the debate. Dr. Ogden has brought together two widely divergent streams of contemporary theology: existential theology and process philosophy. His greater contribution, however, promises more to be in a constructive doctrine of God than in his interpretation of Bultmann.

VII. Bonhoeffer's Worldly Christianity

A final new theological direction which has increasing importance for the Protestant laity (and, in fact, is closely related to our first topic, *The Ministry of the Laity*), stems from the Lutheran theologian and martyr, Dietrich Bonhoeffer. Just before his death, while interned in a Nazi prison camp, he wrote about what he called "religionless Christianity" in a world which has "come of age" and seems to get along quite well without religion. If religion means man's quest for God, Bonhoeffer declared, Christianity is not a religion, since it is basically concerned with God's quest for man. Bonhoeffer asks how Christ can be understood as the Lord of "the man with no religion."

Bonhoeffer argues powerfully that God is at the center of modern secularized society, and not at the outskirts of it: "Whoever sees Jesus Christ does indeed see God and the world in one. He can henceforward no longer see God without the world or the world without God." We treat the world with less than seriousness if we do not see it as created, judged, redeemed, and known by God in Jesus Christ. Bonhoeffer's life and death witness to his theology of obedience and involvement in the world, which has so firmly captured the imagination of theological students around the world.

Among Methodist theologians who have participated significantly in developing Bonhoeffer's themes, the leading contribution has been made by a student of Karl Barth now teaching at Drew, John Godsey. His dissertation on *The Theology of Dietrich Bonhoeffer* has become the major American contribution to Bonhoeffer studies.

Here, then, are some of the vigorous new forces at work in theology which, even now, are shaping the church and its mission in the world. Understandably, there remains a "theological gap" between the growing edge of church thought in our seminaries and the residential parish, between the thought of today's theological students and the sermons preached in our pulpits by men trained a generation ago. But laymen everywhere are helping to close that gap, demanding that they be allowed to share in the theological renewal of our time. □

Almighty *God, the giver of wisdom, without whose help resolutions are vain, without whose blessing study is ineffectual; enable me, if it be thy will, to attain such knowledge as may qualify me to direct the doubtful and to instruct the ignorant; to prevent wrongs and terminate contentions; and grant that I may use that knowledge which I shall attain, to thy glory and my own salvation, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.*

—Samuel Johnson

A professional combo plays to a packed house in the gym of First Methodist Church, Los Angeles.

A Club for TEENS

In a night-life atmosphere that has been criticized by some, Los Angeles area youth are trying to reach out to others.

"I BELIEVE the church is in real trouble," says the Rev. Robert Blaney. "We're not getting through to the average teen-ager."

That, in a nutshell, is the reason for Los Angeles' new Crossroads Club, an experimental project designed to draw young people closer to the church—using unconventional methods. First projected by Mr. Blaney and Los Angeles District Superintendent Richard Cain, it now is an official Methodist project run by a committee of ministers and Methodist Youth Fellowship members.

Started only last May and operated in the city's First Methodist Church about one night a month so far, the club originally had two objectives: (1) to help revitalize the MYF in the Los Angeles area, and (2) to appeal to inner-city youth indifferent or hostile to the church.

The second goal has been dropped, at least for now, and Crossroads is open only to MYFers and their guests. A teen core group, called a cadre, is being recruited and trained to operate the club. Most important will be their job of witnessing during each Crossroads evening—listening when someone wants to talk, and speaking when someone wants to listen.

Part of each night's varied activity is "Witness to the Word," a talk (not a sermon) by a minister.

"We want to bring the young people to a nice place for some clean recreation," Mr. Blaney says. "We want them to hear 'Witness to the Word' in an atmosphere free of compulsion and phoniness. In our coffeehouse, we want them to feel free to talk about the things that

Before each evening's activities, ministers and a teen cadre meet to plan and worship together.

First Methodist Church, in the heart of Los Angeles, provides space for Crossroads. Here teen-agers register as a club evening begins.

really interest and concern them."

Mr. Blaney, chairman of the supervisory Crossroads committee, became interested in the teen-age nightclub idea while studying in West Berlin, where one is run by Lutherans. Another, a proven success, is operated by Central Methodist Mission in Sydney, Australia, and others are being tried.

"We've received quite a few letters saying that we're agents of the devil," Mr. Blaney reports. And "nightclub" was scratched from the name after publicity about such goings-on in a Methodist church alarmed some church members.

Crossroads Club is still very much of an experiment, but those working with it are encouraged. Mr. Blaney puts it this way:

"We are taking seriously the claim that the church doesn't mean anything to many young people, and they wouldn't come to the average MYF group even if they were invited. Crossroads Club, we hope, is helping to break down some of those barriers."

—Carol D. Muller

Disc jockey Hunter Hancock, who does a popular radio show called "Hung With Hunter," presides at the evening's record hop. He is a loyal Methodist and choir member.

Crossroads Club's premiere drew 400 teen-agers, and as many as 700 have attended subsequent programs.

Obvious approval of the club is reflected here in these two youthful faces. Dancing is followed by a show, and the evening ends with "Witness to the Word," a talk by a local minister.

On the floor below the gym, converted church-school rooms have become a coffeehouse, where folk singers share the billing with conversation and light refreshments.

A radio station sends a mobile unit to interview Crossroads' youth chairman Linda Prather and the Rev. Bob Blaney.

TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD

By *HARRY W. ADAMS*
Pastor, First Methodist Church
Alhambra, California

"Why do you call me good? No one is good but God alone."—Mark 10:18

"For this I was born, and for this I have come into the world, to bear witness to the truth."—John 18:37

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW's play by this title is a clever takeoff on conventional goodness. In typical Shavian fashion, it gives a twist to the old truism, "It's too good to be true." Shaw goes one step farther and declares that truth is so shocking to conventional standards of goodness that it is "too true to be good."

He begins with the lawyer. The theory of legal procedure, he says, is that if you set two liars to expose one another the truth will emerge. Next he turns to the doctor, who in the play is talking to a germ.

DOCTOR: I am a faith healer. You don't suppose I believe the bottles cure people? But the patient's faith in the bottle does.

MONSTER: You're a humbug: that's what you are.

DOCTOR: Faith is humbug. But it works.

MONSTER: Then why do you call it science?

DOCTOR: Because people believe in science. The Christian Scientists call their fudge science for the same reason.

MONSTER: The Christian Scientists let their patients cure themselves. Why don't you?

DOCTOR: I do. But I help them. You see, it's easier to believe in bottles and inoculations than in oneself and in that mysterious power that gives us our life and that none of us knows anything about. Lots of people believe in the bottles and wouldn't know what you were talking about if you suggested the real thing.[1]

Then Shaw exposes the minister who has given up his calling to become a jewel thief. In this play Shaw is pleading for honesty before piety, and truth rather than conventional goodness. The important things are too true to be good.

That is what Christmas is all about. We begin to get into trouble with the Christmas message when we allow a shallow goodness to get in the way of truth. Take that little song:

You'd better watch out!
You'd better not cry!
You'd better not pout!
I'm telling you why;
Santa Claus is coming to town![2]

The implication here is that the love that comes at Christmas is available only to *good* girls and boys.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Christmas is good news for people who know they should be good but somehow cannot quite make it. Christmas is for a world that prefers superficial goodness to truth about God—that God so loved the world that he sent his Son to show us that his love would go even to a cross.

The birth of Jesus was too true to be good in his own lifetime. The Jews wanted a Messiah to slay their foes and lift them high—a kind of religious superman.

Jesus found his people still thinking only in terms of moral and ethical goodness. On one occasion someone called him "Good Teacher." He rejected the title saying, "Why do you call me good? No one is good but God alone." He was not merely rejecting flattery. He was undercutting the whole belief that a man could be so good that God would love him. Jesus insisted that God loves everyone already.

When he was arrested and tried before Pilate, Jesus said to the Roman governor, "For this I was born, and for this I have come into the world, to bear witness to the truth." Let's see what this means.

FIRST, his Gospel is too true to be good, *if by good we mean "moral."* By this standard, the Bible is an immoral book. Jesus said that God's love is not given only to those who try hardest to keep the commandments. It is showered on the just and the unjust alike.

This moral concept of goodness is in what some people call "a good movie." That is why westerns are so popular, not only in America but also in Russia. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, on David Susskind's program, *Open End*, said that American westerns are very popular on Russian television because they express a rigid morality where the good guys always win. This fits nicely with the Russian Marxist doctrine that the good guys (meaning loyal Communists) always do what the party tells them. And when they do, they win.

The trouble is that, however much we would like a

moral world in which the good guys always win, it is not that way. The New Testament cuts across this phony goodness with a message that is too true to be good. It even comes out in the Christmas story.

A humble baby is born. Shepherds watch and Wise Men adore, but a jealous old king sends shudders across the land by murdering the babies of Bethlehem. How's that for realism?

No Lone Ranger rides out of the West. No marines land. No legions of angels descend. Evil reigns while a baby and his parents flee to Egypt.

SECOND, the Gospel is too true to be good, *if by good we mean "nice."* There is a prevalent idea that a Christian must be consistently nice. We must never say or do or even think anything that would not pass muster in a school for angels. The fact is that nobody is really that nice—and the world isn't either.

We go right on with our Christian charade. Riding on a bus, I overheard two women who had just come from a big luncheon at a fashionable hotel and were on their way to shop. The bus was passing through a slum area when one of the women said, "Isn't it sordid!" She said it with disgust, but without compassion—as if she wished slums were not so, because they did not fit into her nice little world.

This kind of nice-nellyism is threatening the church. We are in a revolutionary age and there is no escaping it. Gone is the day when the church can be a nice club for nice people. This is a controversial age, and the church, if it is going to lead, will have to learn to handle controversy.

Our official board recently faced up to one of the controversial issues of our time, the matter of segregated housing. Christianity began with a housing problem. There was no room in the inn. The Savior of the world was born in a barn. Not very nice, but it is true.

THIRD, the Gospel is too true to be good, *if by good we mean "naïve."* How often we call a man good when what we really mean is that he is so naïve he does not know enough about evil to be very bad.

This accolade, "a good man," is often used to describe ministers. I hope we are good by intelligent choice, but I fear it is more often because of naïveté. I've heard far too many stories about ministers being swindled by confidence men because their hearts dominated their heads.

I am not suggesting that we ought to be hard-hearted. Rather, we ought to know as much about the evil of the world as possible, because evil is as real as good.

The Wise Men were smart enough to see that evil is real. They were not fooled by Herod's flattery or promises. They were not shocked. They simply outsmarted him and went home another way. At this sentimental time of the year we need to remember an unpleasant truth—that evil is as real as good.

FOURTH, the Gospel is too true to be good, *if by good we mean "conventional."* Conventional goodness is a lowest common denominator. It is what we mean, often, when we say, without much enthusiasm, "They have a good marriage."

Far too many of us put a high premium on being conventionally good so as to hold our marriage together. There is no dealing with real conflicts lest they disrupt domestic tranquillity.

Life magazine cautions the wife of the corporation executive to be good by *not* doing things—by not complaining when her husband works late, by not fussing when a transfer is coming up, by not engaging in any controversial activity. In other words, be conventional, even if it means being a blob.

The terrible thing about conventionally good marriages is that they are not so good as they are supposed to be. A study was made of the childhoods of more than 400 famous 20th-century men and women. Rather than being nurtured in warm and peaceful homes, 7 out of 10 were plagued by missing or argumentative parents, poverty, or physical handicaps.

Conventional goodness is never enough, not even in marriage. Even the Christmas story reflects this. Have you ever known of a marriage starting off with more against it? Mary was not even married when she conceived. Joseph was poor. But out of that unlikely home came Him who bore witness to the truth.

LAST, the Christian Gospel is too true to be good, *if by good we mean "deserving."* The Gospel declares that God loves us all, good, bad, and indifferent.

There is altogether too much emphasis on being good in order to get something. We pull this on our children all the time. It is called conditional love, and it says, "If you'll be good and do what I want, I'll love you."

This is destructive, because it breeds adults who think God is this way. You find it in the person who is always trying to impress others with his goodness. "We've got to set standards," he says. In reality he is trying to be good to get love from others, even from God. Like the child who secretly hates the parent who demands goodness in exchange for love, the adult who operates this way unconsciously hates persons who represent goodness. This has nothing to do with Christianity. In fact, it is diametrically opposed to the Gospel.

The comic strip *Miss Peach* recently showed two little girls denouncing their classmate Ira:

FIRST GIRL: Tsk, tsk! That Ira! He cheated and got himself elected president of the Optimist Club!

SECOND GIRL: Ira, you're just no good! You've never been any good! You're-just-plain-thoroughly-no-good-at-all!

IRA: . . . But is there still a chance for me? [3]

That's it! That's the Gospel! There's a chance for me. And it's true. In fact, it's too true to be good. □

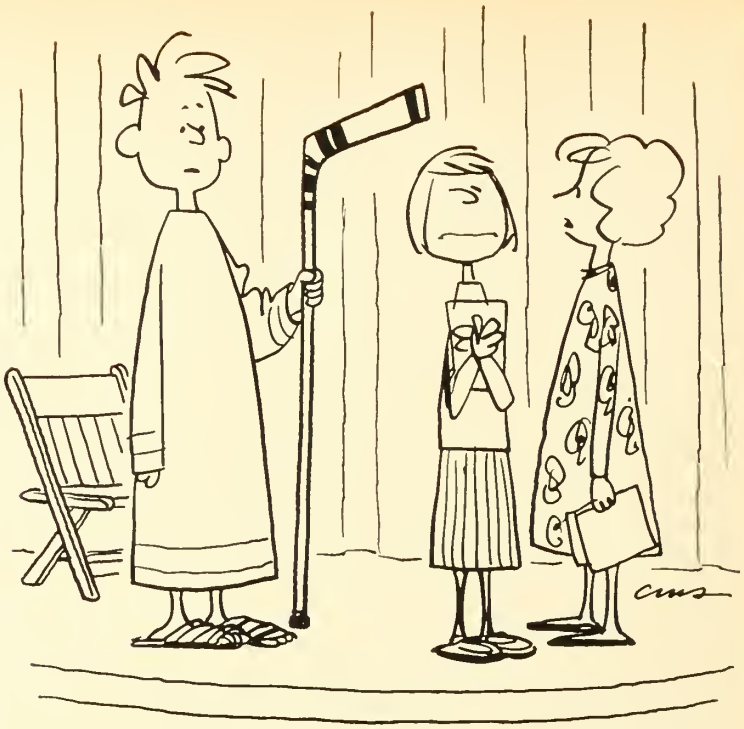
[1] *From* Too True to Be Good *by George Bernard Shaw. Used by permission of the Public Trustee and the Society of Authors.*—EDS.

[2] *From* Santa Claus Is Comin' to Town. *Words by Haven Gillespie, music by J. Fred Coots. Copyright © 1934, 1962 by Leo Feist, Inc., New York, N.Y. Used by permission of copyright proprietor.*—EDS.

[3] *From* Miss Peach *by Mell Lazarus in the* Chicago Sun-Times. *Used by permission of Publishers Newspaper Syndicate.*—EDS.

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1964 by Warner Press, Inc.

"I couldn't find a real shepherd's staff. Will this do?"

DO YOU argue and fuss with your brothers or sisters? Do you frequently get mad at each other? Then you are normal.

Since families began, brothers and sisters have been rivals. But quarreling is not good. It is possible to reduce your squabbles and live in love and peace together. Here are some suggestions which have helped in many families:

Look ahead. You know your brothers and sisters. They know you. If you try, you can predict many of the things which will cause quarrels. Try to steer clear of those subjects. That is not always possible, but usually you can succeed.

Cultivate patience. It is fairly easy for you to be tolerant of kids from other families, but you lose your temper more quickly with your own brothers and sisters. If you try hard enough, you can learn to be as patient with them as with the others. So try, like everything.

Help your brothers and sisters. Build them up with praise and love. It is easy to cut them down sarcastically, but it is much wiser to help them. Then they will be less irritable and will support you.

Don't be a tattletale. Go to your folks only when a real disaster impends. The little things are not worth the trouble which tattling causes.

How long will you have to be careful? Always. But with reasonable luck, by the time you are 17 or 18, you will find it much easier to live peacefully with your brothers and sisters. You will find that you love and respect them more than you thought, and they you. Good luck!

Q&A

I'm a girl of 15. Two afternoons last week a boy came by to see me. My little brother, who is six, insisted on playing with him. My brother hit him, yelled at him, and completely monopolized him. I asked my mother to keep my little brother out of the room. She said it was his room, too, and that he had as much right in it as I did. What can I do?—D.M. Try to be patient. When you have a chance, get your mother to talking about the times boys came to see her when she was a girl. She may then be able to put herself in your place, and see your problem. I agree with you. A girl should be able to have a boy visit her without being pestered by her little brother.

Q&A

I am a boy, 17. I'm scared. Yesterday I went to my counselor's office. He was out on an errand. I looked up my folder in his file. On the line marked "intelligence" it said, "Dull normal I.Q.," on Henmon-Nelson Test. Does this mean that I am stupid? I did not plan to go to college, but I certainly did not think I was dumb. What's the use of living if you are just dull-normal?—A.B. I am sorry you saw that folder. I hope your school does not exaggerate the importance of the results of a group-intelligence test. The test you named is one of the best, but my experience is that all group-intelligence tests are apt to be innacurate. Under the best of conditions, the score may be 10 to 15 points off. There are thousands of young people unfairly labeled dull-normal or even retarded by group-intelligence tests. Go back to your counselor. Ask him to arrange to have an individual-intelligence test given to you, by a qualified psychologist. After the test has been completed, talk with the psychologist about the results. They will be more dependable. If the psychologist tells you that you are slightly below average, you should not worry. Several years ago I looked up former high-school students who had been classed as "retarded" in school. They were all working. They were married. They were living good, constructive Christian lives. There was nothing in their lives to show that schools once had labeled them retarded. You can live a good life whatever the psychologist finds.

Q&A

I am a girl, 15. Life was perfect before my brother was born. Now he is four years old and never gives me a minute's peace. When my boyfriend comes to see me, my brother monopolizes him. I used to spank the brat, but Mother won't let me do this anymore. What can I do?—D.V. You should be able to entertain your boy-

friend without interference from your little brother. Talk with your mother some more. Try not to be sarcastic. Get her to put herself in your place; then she can see your problem and help you. Little brothers almost always seem like pests to their older sisters. Yours may not really be as bad as you think. Your mother is right about your spanking him. You should not do that. Only his mother or father should punish him.

Q&A

Since when did smoking become a sin? I'm a boy, 14, and started smoking when I was 9. I've been attending summer school. The principal found me smoking and expelled me. His son smokes, too. Why doesn't he expel his boy?—T.K. There is much evidence that smoking is harmful and, therefore, wrong. On the average heavy smokers shorten their lives by 10 years. The younger a person starts to smoke the greater the damage. All public schools have rules against smoking. I'm sure you know that. You took a chance and lost. Try to be a good sport about it. The behavior of the principal's son has no bearing on your case. I hope you'll take a good look at your future and decide to stop smoking.

Q&A

I am a boy, 14. I started ninth grade this fall. I need A grades so I can win a college scholarship, but I cannot do my homework. My grandmother lives with us in our small house. She is partly deaf. She insists on turning the TV up very high and watching it all evening. I study at the dining room table. It is impossible to concentrate. How can I get her to change?—R.U. I have often said that the most effective single step we could take in this country to improve high-school education would be to turn off all TVs on week nights. They interfere with the homework of millions of students. Ask your father to check with a television repairman about buying a set of earphones and having a jack put on the set. Then your grandmother could plug in the earphones and hear the programs without using the speaker. Do you have your own bedroom? If so, study in it. Put a card table in the corner, for a desk. Be sure the lighting is adequate. Have a good dictionary handy. Then shut yourself up in your room each evening until you complete your homework. Ask your mother not to let anyone interrupt you while you are working. Use the library. Take up the subjects in the same order each evening. For

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

Are we in a 'post-Protestant' era? No more than in a "post-Catholic" or "postmodern" or "postsecular" era. "Post-manship" is a current fad among those who like to name things.

True enough, the evils against which the Protestant reformers cried out and the freedoms for which they moved out are gone. Yet, according to the Protestant principle, the church continues to see itself under the necessity of renewal and reform.

Against the idea of "religion in general" or even "religion in democracy," it stresses the particularity of definite beliefs and special disciplines.

There is much left for Protestants to favor and to prove.

Why did Christ die so young? Despite the preference for young ministers, most are hardly well started at 33. Yet, Jesus could pray (John 17:4): "I glorified thee on earth, having accomplished the work which thou gavest me to do."

Can laymen help administer the Sacraments? That depends on what is meant by "help."

A minister must perform the parts of the Baptism and Holy Communion services that are marked for the minister. However, an unordained pastor, being a layman so far as his ministerial status is concerned, may be authorized by the bishop (*Discipline*, Para. 318) to administer the Sacraments; and, if the laws of the state permit, he may, on authorization by the bishop, perform the marriage ceremony.

Such special arrangements are made only if the unordained minister is admitted on trial into the annual conference, and if he continues with his course of study looking toward full ordination. Besides, the special permission applies only in the charge where he is serving as pastor.

What is a 'local preacher'? In Methodism, he is a layman (or laywoman) licensed to preach or ordained according to the laws of The Methodist Church. He continues to be a lay member of a local church. [See paragraphs 304-20 of the *Discipline*.]

In contrast, the "traveling preacher" is on trial or in full connection with an annual conference. [Consult Paragraphs 321-85.] The *traveling* refers to the fact that, in early Methodism, full conference members were subject to appointment in first one place and then another. A "local preacher," serving only part time and earning his livelihood by other means, was not free to travel.

"You may have a hard time believing this," a young man told Bishop Nall at the ordination service, "but one of your answers started me on the way to the ministry." The bishop, leader of the Minnesota Area, has been answering faith and church questions for several years.

Calling All Color Photographers . . .

Assignment: **WORK**

† Our office dictionary defines WORK as "activity in which one exerts strength or faculties to perform . . ." and goes on some 50 lines with other shades of meaning, including what happens when a glacier slides down a mountainside. But color photographers entering TOGETHER's ninth annual Photo Invitational will prefer people as their subjects. The skilled obstetrician shown above lending a hand to God's great miracle of life is merely intended to start you thinking. Perhaps your favorite subject will be a tender-handed schoolboy on his first day at work in a brickyard. The deadline is close—and remember we pay $25 for each 35-mm slide used, $35 for larger sizes.

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1. *Send no more than 10 color transparencies. (Color prints or negatives are not eligible.)*
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example, do your math first each time, then your social studies, English, foreign language. Your mind works better if you follow a regular routine.

Q:

I am a girl of 16 and an only child. My friends are good Christians. We all belong to MYF. The other kids are allowed to go to a soda fountain after school. They can sit and talk for 30 or 40 minutes, then go home. My parents will not let me go with them. They demand that I rush home the minute school is out, even though there is nothing to do when I get there. My mother won't even let me go to the library to study. Why are they so tough on me?—G.R. I am sure they do not intend to be tough on you. They are trying to protect you. They read in the paper about fights at soda fountains and drive-ins. They may have heard gossip about girls who tell their parents that they are going to the library but instead meet their boyfriends. They do not realize that you are trustworthy and nearly grown up. Do not fight them —that would increase their determination. Instead, do your best to get them to check with the parents of some of your friends about the rules of their daughters. Be sure they talk with men and women they trust and admire. Probably they will relent thereafter.

Q:

I am 15 and have been in love with a girl for two months. She does not even like me. I write her letters, but she throws them away. I phone her and she hangs up. Another girl loves me, but I do not care about her. Will I ever get over this?—K.H. Yes, you will. Please substitute the word "crush" for love, and you will understand your situation. Try to put the girl you care for out of your heart. Do not think about her or write to her. Do not phone her. Do not do anything which could cause you to be hurt again. Try to be polite to the girl who has a crush on you. Everyone goes through disappointments like this during his teen years. It may take several weeks, but you will recover.

•

Lots of teens *do not feel they understand their parents, or any other adult.*

Dr. Barbour knows why many have these problems, and he will help you. Write to him at TOGETHER, *Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.*
—YOUR EDITORS

Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

WHAT A reader gets out of a book depends on what he brings to it. If he is familiar with the thesis being discussed, or if he has roots in the country where the story is located, he will find meanings which escape those without these advantages. If a book's background is a particular field where a man has done some research, he can appreciate its fine points and criticize its weaknesses better than the stranger.

One never knows, therefore, the extent to which his reaction to a particular book is due to personal experience or to an objective analysis of its good and bad points.

I feel like this particularly in talking about **Gore Vidal's JULIAN** (***Little, Brown, $6.95***). The book takes me back to my seminary days when I was studying early church history, and it brings to life a man who has always intrigued me. I was so impressed by this novel that I am going to tell you about it enthusiastically. (If you have never heard of Julian the Apostate, I hope that you will find him an interesting subject.)

I am aware that my own interest in history has colored my point of view. However, this book is well-written and bears the mark of a fine novelist. Its historical significance is simply added profit. Unlike so many modern novels, this one has a great theme and a great subject.

The young Julian was a member of the royal family but not a very important member. His cousin Constantius II was the emperor and Julian was supposed to become a priest in the Christian church. He was always a scholar and read widely. (It was a wonder that he was not assassinated just to keep the throne safe for the incumbent—there were several close calls.) But he seemed a fairly harmless fellow, and was allowed to continue his studies under Christian auspices in Rome and also under pagan influence in Athens. Gradually, the Greek gods won out over Christ so far as he was concerned, and he was secretly initiated into the mysteries of Mithras. Julian only waited a chance to reestablish the pagan faith and limit Christianity as it had been before Constantine the Great's vision.

Why Christianity failed to capture him is not too clear. He had a great faith in the pagan gods and a deep hunger for the mystery experience. Probably it came about finally because of a favorite priest, for there seems to have been no problem of theology.

Julian, however, came too late on the scene really to do much about reviving the old religion. Christianity had become firmly implanted in the minds and hearts of vast numbers of people. Under Constantine, it enjoyed preferential treatment, and probably it would have been impossible for anybody to set the clock back. Besides, there was an essential superiority in the religion of Christ and, as we believe, God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself.

Constantius' mistake was to send Julian as the general-in-chief to Gaul. It looked safe enough, for nobody thought Julian had any military ability. It was a thankless task, at best, trying to hold back the wild tribes along the Rhine, and failure was to be expected. But Julian, to everybody's surprise, turned out to be a first-rate general and won some great victories. He turned back toward Rome as a conqueror and, on the way, was proclaimed emperor by the men he had led to victory.

This was a time of troubles for Christianity because, while Julian was an educated and cultured man, he had made up his mind that the old faiths were to be restored and Christianity suppressed. It does us good to see our faith through the eyes of an enemy. It also helps us to appreciate the mystery religions which were the chief rivals of Christianity and to learn something about their appeal.

Flushed with the great success, Julian decided to march east toward Persia and take back land that Rome had lost. He wanted to defeat the great king of Persia and put that ambitious rival in his place. Everything went well in the beginning, and city after city surrendered without resistance. Persia actually sued for peace and agreed to give back all the stolen territory and pay a huge indemnity. But Julian was flushed with victory and refused the offer. It was a great mistake. He was killed in a minor attack and, according to the story, it was a Roman spear which took his life.

This book is a magnificent achievement. It tells the story through Julian's own diary and through the diaries of two noble Romans, Libanius and Priscus. One has the feeling he is right in the midst of the action, and the whole ancient scene becomes alive with meaning and interest. If I were teaching Roman history, I would assign this book to be read by my students, for any inaccuracies or misinterpretations are more than made up for by the sense of life and reality.

Julian was in many ways a very admirable person. He was neither cruel nor revengeful. He was somewhat of a philosopher and represents the unusual combination of a man of action and a man of thought. While he was Christianity's enemy, his struggle for the most part was honorable and sincere. One gets a new appreciation for what the church accomplished and withstood in weathering the Apostate's storm.

I would not talk about this book only in terms of the light it shed upon an important period in church history. It is a good story and I found it very difficult to put down. You may read it because it is good for you but more than that, you will find that reading it is a pleasure. I nominate it as the best book that has come to my desk in many a month. Historical novels are too often merely icing on a cake, and they have a tendency to cloy the taste. *Julian* has some solid food value besides being mighty pleasant to the palate. □

The Coventry Carol *was first sung in a medieval mystery play about the slaughter of the innocents. Haig and Regina Shekerjian drew these weeping mothers for* A Book of Christmas Carols.

Barnabas

Looks at NEW Books

IF YOU CAN remember back to TOGETHER's December, 1961 issue [page 40], you may recall Lynd Ward's chilly-looking painting of Good King Wenceslas setting out with his page boy to feed the poor on the night after Christmas.

Basing her narrative on the beloved Christmas carol and the history that inspired it, **Mildred Corell Luckhardt** has woven an absorbing tale about ***Good King Wenceslas*** (Abingdon, $3) and his young page for boys and girls. It is full of secret midnight rides over mountain trails, duels, and the threat of war as well as vivid descriptions of the everyday life of the people of Bohemia in the 10th century.

Little Bohemia was a buffer state between east and west in those days, and the kindhearted Wenceslas was beset by political troubles. When he made a peace pact with the Germans, to the west, and asked them to send Christian teachers into Bohemia, he enraged his brother, Boleslas, and other powerful Bohemians who were pagan. On September 27, 929, Boleslas killed the good king at the very door of the church. But it was Wenceslas, not Boleslas, who became a hero to the Bohemian people. In time he was proclaimed a saint, and the Saint Wenceslas crown became the symbol of Czech independence.

Mrs. Luckhardt's story set me to looking for the full words of the carol. I found them in ***A Book of Christmas Carols*** (Harper & Row, cloth $5.95, paper $2.95) selected and delightfully illustrated by **Haig** and **Regina Shekerjian.** The playable arrangements for piano and guitar are by Robert de Cormier.

The Bible does not say what happened to the gifts the Wise Men brought to the baby Jesus. But **Dorothy Clarke Wilson** has created a fascinating story for juniors on what might have happened to them in ***The Three Gifts*** (Abingdon, $3).

When Jesus, at 13, saw in the gifts an opportunity to help the poor and oppressed of Nazareth, he gave them away, one by one. And then he realized that, rich as they were, they were not enough. He had to do more. So goes Mrs. Wilson's imagining and, in the telling, she gives young readers an unforgettable picture of the boy Jesus and the land of Palestine in which he lived.

Rouben Mamoulian, the director who brought *Porgy and Bess* and *Oklahoma!* to the stage and numerous motion pictures to the screen, has brought forth his first book, and it has nothing to do with his long career in the theater. It is a Christmas story, ostensibly but not exclusively for children.

Abigayil: The Story of the Cat at the Manger (New York Graphic Society, $3.95) was told to him, he insists gravely, by Sugar, one of the five felines who share the Mamoulians' Beverly Hills home, as a Christmas present for Mrs. Mamoulian. Like all gifts, this one is adorned. Marshall Goodman has made drawings for it that convince me that he, like the Mamoulians, is owned by a cat or cats.

I hope this will not be the only year this book is found beneath Christmas trees. It is a fine addition to our trove of Christmas legends.

TOGETHER's first issue, in October, 1956, invited readers to tell us on the editorial staff what stories and articles they would like most to see reprinted. The response was so great that the invitation has stood through the eight years since. As a result, *Reader's Choice* features by Pearl S. Buck, Rachel Carson, Stuart Chase, Helen Keller, Phyllis McGinley, André Maurois, O. Henry, Jessamyn West, and many other favorite authors have brightened TOGETHER's pages.

Some months ago, Doubleday & Company, Inc., proposed that a selection of these reader-chosen features be gathered together into a book. Now 42 beloved stories and articles selected by the **Readers and Editors of TOGETHER Magazine** make up the ***Reader's Choice Treasury*** (Doubleday, $4.50). They are introduced by Leland D. Case, editorial director of TOGETHER from its beginning to 1963, whose brainchild the

Reader's Choice idea originally was.

Every one of these stories, articles, or "think pieces" was selected for pure reading enjoyment, and they add up to a wealth of wholesome, entertaining family reading.

The world was familiar with the public life of **Dag Hammarskjold**, United Nations Secretary-general who died in an air crash on his way to negotiate a cease-fire between UN and Katanga forces. I did not know the inner life of Dag Hammarskjöld, mystic and follower of the Way of the Cross.

That inner man is revealed in ***Markings*** (Knopf, $4.95), a manuscript Hammarskjöld left to be published after his death, describing it as a "sort of *white book* concerning my negotiations with myself and with God." The first entry is a poem written about 1925, the last a poem he wrote only a few weeks before his death. Notes made during the 1940s and 1950s reflect his spiritual journey.

The sensitive translation from Hammarskjöld's native Swedish was made by Leif Sjöberg and the poet W. H. Auden. This, in itself, was a remarkable effort, for Auden does not know a word of Swedish. He did, however, know and love Hammarskjöld and, thus, had a special understanding of his writing.

You do not have to be a natural-history enthusiast, nor yet a gourmet, to savor ***The Oysters of Locmariaquer*** (Pantheon, $4.95). **Eleanor Clark** has woven the story of *Ostrea edulis* and the people of the tiny Breton town who cultivate this epicurean delight into a magical book.

Here is a sample of her luminous prose:

"There is a face and manner and way of being in Locmariaquer . . . There is a different world, prim and gigantic, at the haras in Hennebont, state stud farm for the great race of Breton workhorse; and another lusty and piratical-looking, around the big tuna fleet at Etel; . . . and a brooding air around the island fishermen with their little flat-bottom boats and huge nets like Saint Peter's . . ."

At the Frontier Days Rodeo in Cheyenne this summer I was fascinated by the intelligence and training of the cow ponies. Later I asked my Wyoming friends about mustangs. They told me that originally the word meant any wild horse. However, after the horses were caught and trained to work on the ranch the name stayed with them.

If I had read ***Mustang Roundup*** (Holt, Rinehart, Winston, $3.50), I would have known about them. Author-illustrator **Paul Laune** explains

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175 YEARS OF *Service*-SINCE 1789

that the word comes from the Spanish word *mesteño,* meaning unclaimed or belonging to the range. In an earlier day, the Western plains and mountains were full of herds of these wild horses, but today only a few outlaw horses are still running free or hiding out like bandits. I saw some of them, recently captured, at the rodeo, where one of the most exciting and dangerous events called for them to be saddled and ridden in a wild-horse race.

Laune grew up in northwest Oklahoma, where his father bought herds of the wild horses, and both narrative and drawings show his knowledge and love of ranch life and the horses that became such a vital part of it.

The book was written as a history for young folks, and it could be enjoyed by any young person from 8 to 80 who likes horses.

The Indians used to say you cannot understand a man unless you have walked many miles in his moccasins. ***The Trouble With Being a Mama*** (Abingdon, $2.95) has let me walk in the shoes of an American Negro family, and I am richer for the experience.

Author **Eva Rutland** is the mother of three lively teen-agers, the wife of a successful civilian engineer with the Air Force, and an active member of integrated church and community organizations in Sacramento, Calif.—a long way from the violence of Mississippi, Birmingham, and Harlem. Yet the way has not been easy for the Rutlands, and each day has brought its need for courage, humor, and understanding.

Man's prejudice, observed Ginger Rutland and a teen-aged friend of Chinese ancestry in a letter they wrote to a newspaper, "is usually against something he knows nothing about." Because this is true, we can be grateful to Ginger's mother. By sharing the lives of her family in a warm, humorous, and courageous book, she has made it impossible for its white readers to know nothing about their Negro neighbors.

Meet Edmond McIntosh, 74. He is slowly dying of starvation because he is trying to live on his $50-a-month Social Security checks. But he says welfare is "charity."

Or meet Homer Burleigh, 32, about to be evicted with his family after seven years in the city. He came to Chicago from Alabama and with less than four years of formal schooling became a skilled industrial worker. But automation is cutting out jobs.

Meet Columbus Cooper, farmer and father of 10, whose gross income is $1,500 a year. Or Mrs. Martin, a Negro mother who puts her children to bed every evening about 5:30 so she can wash their clothes for school the next morning. Or skinny 18-year-old Mildred Mason, second-generation migrant worker living with her husband and two children in a one-room shack where there are no windows, only hinged boards.

It is well enough to say that one sixth of the American people live below "minimal levels of health, housing, food, and education." But **Ben H. Bagdikian** introduces the poor to us as human beings instead of statistics in ***In the Midst of Plenty*** (Beacon Press, $4.50). In their families, and other families like them are 12 million children, already facing a bleak and hopeless outlook and probably representing a multiplication of misery in the future. Unless their needs can be justly met within our culture and economy, their despair will become an ever-increasing part of the American heritage.

That doughty old Puritan soldier Oliver Cromwell told an artist: "I desire you would use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything as you see me, otherwise I will never pay a farthing for it."

R. Benjamin Garrison, senior minister of Wesley Methodist Church at Urbana, Ill., and director of the Wesley Foundation at the University of Illinois, attempts to paint that kind of picture of the Christian church, not overlooking her impurities but confident in her true source of power as the body of Christ, in ***Portrait of the Church, Warts and All*** (Abingdon, $3). The image that emerges is honest and compelling.

We can look at the church, he says, as the colony of God, living on the frontier, existing to expand and unable to settle down and be comfortable, commissioned by the homeland. Or we can see her as the household of God, with her members having different functions. If we look at her this way, we must see God as the head of the house, not the pastor nor any layman—the congregation calls its pastor to share its ministry with it.

And Dr. Garrison has a reminder for us laymen regarding worship: "Too often we come to Sunday worship as loners and receivers, not as brothers and ministers," he says. "Our worship should be emotionally satisfying and intellectually stimulating, but this is secondary and derivative. . . . Seek first the praise of God and his mercy, and these things shall be added unto you."

How do you help a child develop a taste in art? Well, if you are very rich you can fill your house with masterpieces and take him on trips around the world. If you are like most of us, you can get him used to visiting museums and still surround him with examples of art at home. Reproductions of great artists' work are available at reasonable prices, and there

The PRECIOUS GIFTS

I do not pray to keep things I must lose,
Nor do I seek status which wealth brings;
I do not beg for comfort of perfect health,
Nor for protection from trials I must face.

Yet, fervently, I pray for gifts, O Lord:
For rich excitement of continual hope,
And for the strong crucible of love
Whose steady shelter warms the flame of faith.

No absolute within myself is strong
Enough to bring such true unmeasured wealth.
O mighty God, You alone can send
These precious gifts: Faith, Hope, Love.

—Helen Sue Isely

are all kinds of books on art for your home library.

A recent book that combines interesting and authoritative information with excellent printing is *Famous Artists of the Past* (Platt & Munk, $5.95). The focus is on the life stories of painters and sculptors told by **Alice Elizabeth Chase**, but the stories are reinforced with 177 reproductions of the artists' works, 44 of them in full color.

Miss Chase ranks high as an art expert. For 30 years she has been museum lecturer at the Yale University Art Gallery, and she also is assistant professor of art history at Yale. Earlier in her career she taught in the public schools.

George Bernard Shaw said that youth is a wonderful thing—too bad it is wasted on children. If you ever have wondered how it would be if adult experience were added to the clear, uncluttered perception of a child, I urge you to read **Adrien Stoutenburg**'s evocative poems in *The Things That Are* (Reilly & Lee, $2.95).

But I forget. This is a book published for children, with illustrations by Robert Lostutter that will appeal to the youngest youngsters. Never mind. Read the poems to your child, and look at the pictures together. Both of you will be enriched.

It was evening in Arizona, and red hills sculptured the horizon with castles and towers. The tumbling waters of Oak Creek rushed amidst the glint of wet rocks and copper sand. Up from the corral came the old cowboy to greet the preacher.

"Just passing by and only taking time to say 'hello,' and I must run on to town," said Methodist minister **Ronald R. Meredith**.

The cowboy shifted the run-over heel of his boot in the dust of the path, and a light leaped from his face: "What's your hurry, son?" he asked. The minister started to answer, and discovered the question was bigger than the words used to frame it. The cowboy continued: "To hurry big for little reasons," he said, "is the best way I know never to live at all."

Dr. Meredith, now senior minister at big, and busy, First Methodist Church in Wichita, Kans., still remembers his friend's advice and has titled a book about significant moments he remembers *Hurryin' Big for Little Reasons* (Abingdon, $2.50).

The book is an island of calm in which values are put in perspective, a surprising volume from a man who finds time for a full family life and a busy year-round lecture schedule as well as a demanding parish.

—BARNABAS

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Victor Hugo's

The Bishop's Candlesticks

A churchman's loving-kindness contrasts with the brutality suffered by a former convict.

AN HOUR before sunset, on an October evening in 1815, a man traveling afoot entered the village of D——. A few people saw him walk into the town and looked at him with suspicion. His sun tanned face was half hidden by a leather cap and was dripping with sweat. His shaggy breast could be seen through a coarse yellow shirt; his tie was twisted like a rope; his worn blue trousers were shabby, with holes in the knees; and he wore a ragged grey blouse, roughly patched with green cloth sewed with twine. On his back was a strongly buckled knapsack, well filled and quite new; in his hand was a heavy knotted stick; his stockingless feet were in hobnailed shoes; his hair was cropped close, and his beard was long.

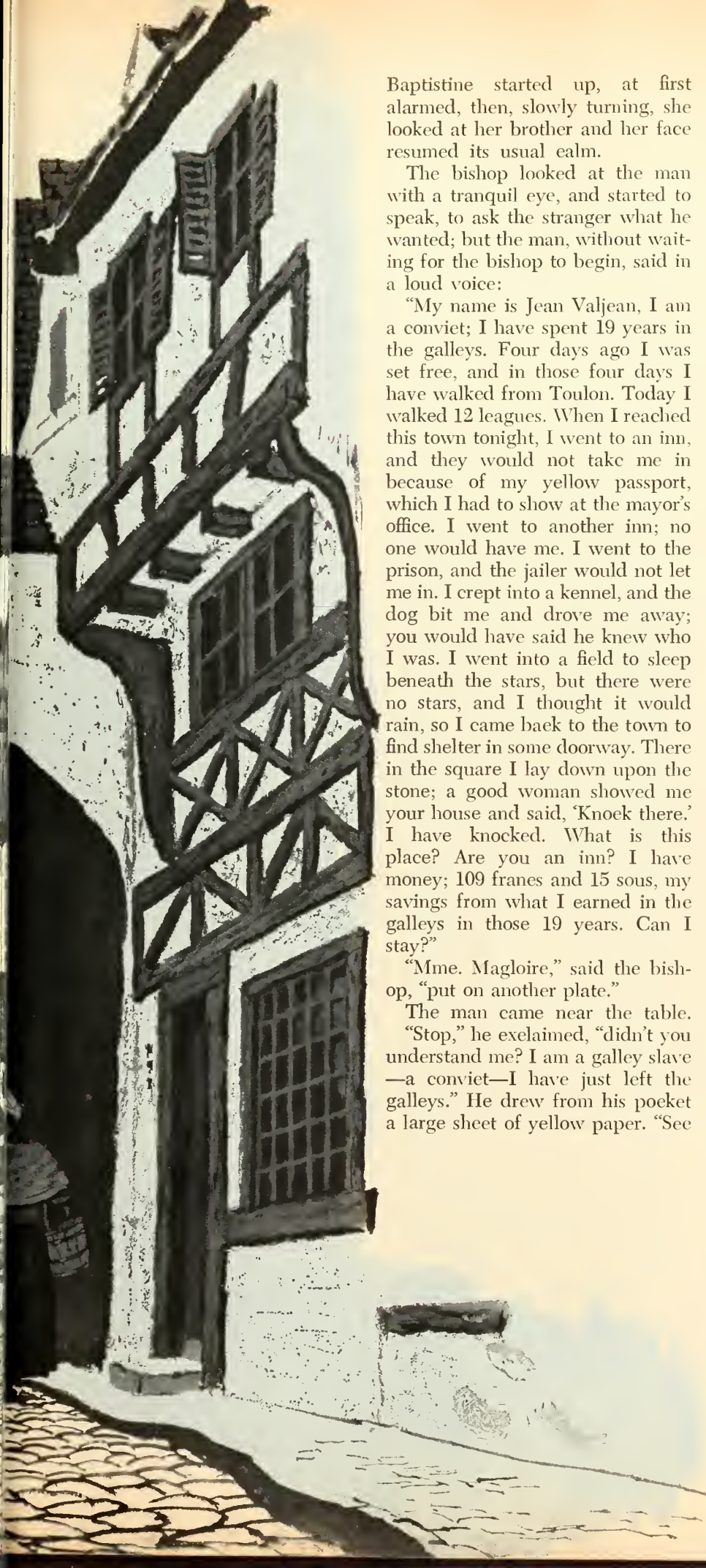
The sweat, the heat, and the dust from his long journey added greatly to the wretchedness of his appearance.

The same evening, after a stroll through the town, the bishop of D—— stayed quite late in his room, working on his great treatise on *Duty*. At eight o'clock, knowing that the table was laid for supper and that his sister, Mlle. Baptistine, was waiting, he left his work and went into the dining room.

The housekeeper, Mme. Magloire, was setting the plates for the brother and sister, when there was a loud knocking at the door.

"Come in!" said the bishop.

The door opened, and the traveler entered, knapsack on his back, stick in his hand, and a weary but hard and fierce look in his eyes. Mme. Magloire stood trembling, her mouth open as though she would scream with fright. Mlle.



Baptistine started up, at first alarmed, then, slowly turning, she looked at her brother and her face resumed its usual calm.

The bishop looked at the man with a tranquil eye, and started to speak, to ask the stranger what he wanted; but the man, without waiting for the bishop to begin, said in a loud voice:

"My name is Jean Valjean, I am a convict; I have spent 19 years in the galleys. Four days ago I was set free, and in those four days I have walked from Toulon. Today I walked 12 leagues. When I reached this town tonight, I went to an inn, and they would not take me in because of my yellow passport, which I had to show at the mayor's office. I went to another inn; no one would have me. I went to the prison, and the jailer would not let me in. I crept into a kennel, and the dog bit me and drove me away; you would have said he knew who I was. I went into a field to sleep beneath the stars, but there were no stars, and I thought it would rain, so I came back to the town to find shelter in some doorway. There in the square I lay down upon the stone; a good woman showed me your house and said, 'Knock there.' I have knocked. What is this place? Are you an inn? I have money; 109 francs and 15 sous, my savings from what I earned in the galleys in those 19 years. Can I stay?"

"Mme. Magloire," said the bishop, "put on another plate."

The man came near the table.

"Stop," he exclaimed, "didn't you understand me? I am a galley slave—a convict—I have just left the galleys." He drew from his pocket a large sheet of yellow paper. "See here is what they have put in the passport: 'Jean Valjean, a liberated convict, native of——, 19 years in the galleys. This man is very dangerous.'"

"Mme. Magloire," said the bishop, "put some sheets on the bed in the alcove."

Mme. Magloire went out to fulfill her orders, and the bishop turned to the man:

"Monsieur, sit down and warm yourself; we are going to take supper presently, and your bed will be made ready while you sup."

Now the man understood; his face, which had been gloomy and hard, expressed stupefaction and joy, and he began to stutter like a madman.

"Is it true? You will keep me, a convict? You call me 'Monsieur' and don't say 'Get out, dog!' like everyone else! I shall have a supper! a bed like other people, with a mattress and sheets! Why, it is 19 years since I slept in a bed. You are really willing for me to stay? You are good people! And I have money; I will pay well. I beg your pardon, Monsieur Innkeeper, but what is your name?"

"I am a priest who lives here," said the bishop.

"A priest!" said the man. "Oh, noble priest! Then you do not ask any money?"

"No," said the bishop, "keep your money."

Mme. Magloire brought in a plate and put it on the table.

"Mme. Magloire," said the bishop, "put this man's place near the fire." Then, turning to his guest, he added: "The night wind is raw in the Alps, Monsieur; you must be cold."

"Mme. Magloire," said the bishop, "this lamp gives a very poor light."

Mme. Magloire understood and, taking the two silver candlesticks from the mantle, she lighted the candles and placed them on the table.

"Monsieur le curé," said the man, "you are very good. You take me into your house and light your candles for me. I haven't hid from you what I am, and yet you do not despise me."

The bishop touched his hand and said: "This is not my house,

it is the house of Christ. It does not ask any comer what he is, but whether he has an affliction. You are suffering; you are cold and hungry; be welcome. And do not thank me or tell me that I have taken you into my house; for this is the home of no man, except him who needs a refuge. You, who are a traveler, are more at home here than I; whatever is here is yours."

"Stop, monsieur le curé," exclaimed the man. "I was cold and hungry when I came in, but you are so kind that now I don't know what I am. All that is gone."

The bishop looked at him again and said, "You have seen much suffering?"

"Yes," said the man. "The ball and chain, the plank to sleep on, the heat, the cold, the lash, the double chain for nothing, the dungeon for a word—even when sick, the chain. The dogs are happier! Nineteen years, and I am 46 and have a yellow passport and that is all."

"Yes," said the bishop, "you have left a place of great suffering. But listen, there will be more joy in heaven over the tears of one repentant sinner than over the salvation of a hundred good men. If you leave that place with hate and anger against men, you are worthy of compassion; if you leave it with goodwill and gentleness, you are better than any of us."

MME. Magloire had served up supper, which consisted of soup, a scrap of pork, a bit of mutton, figs, cheese, and a loaf of bread; and she had added without asking a bottle of fine old wine. "To supper," the bishop said briskly, and he seated the man at his right, while Mlle. Baptistine took her place at his left. The bishop said the blessing and served the soup himself; the stranger ate greedily, like a starving man, and paid attention to no one.

After supper, the bishop said goodnight to his sister, took one of the silver candlesticks from the table, handed the other to his guest, and said to him, "Monsieur, I will show you to your room."

The alcove where the man was to sleep could be reached only by passing through the bishop's bedchamber, and just as they were passing through this room, Mme. Magloire was putting away the silver in the cupboard at the head of the bed, as was her nightly custom. The bishop left his guest in the alcove.

"A good night's rest to you," said the bishop, "and tomorrow morning before you go, you shall have a cup of warm milk from our cows."

As the cathedral clock struck two, Jean Valjean awoke. What awakened him was that it was too good a bed. For 19 years he had not slept in a bed, and his sleep was unquiet.

Many thoughts came to him as he lay there, but one repeated itself and drove away all others. For he remembered the six silver plates and the large silver ladle that he had seen Mme. Magloire putting away in the cupboard, and the thought of them took possession of him. There they were, a few steps away. They were solid, and old silver; they would bring at least 200 francs, double what he had earned in those long years of imprisonment.

His mind struggled with this thought for an hour, when the clock struck three. He opened his eyes, thrust out his legs, placed his feet on the ground, and sat on the edge of the bed, lost in thought. He might have remained there until daybreak if the clock had not struck the quarter hour. It seemed to say to him, "Come along!"

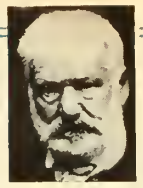
He rose to his feet, hesitated for a moment, and listened. All was still. He walked cautiously toward the window; it had no bars, opened into the garden, and was unfastened. The garden was enclosed with a low white wall, that he could easily scale.

He turned quickly, like a man with mind made up, went to the alcove where he took his haversack, put his shoes in a pocket, swung his bundle over his shoulders, put on his cap and pulled it down over his eyes. Holding his breath, he moved toward the door of the bishop's room with stealthy steps. There was not a sound.

Jean Valjean pushed open the door. A deep calm filled the chamber. At the further end of the room he could hear the quiet breathing of the sleeping bishop. A ray of moonlight coming through the window suddenly lighted up the bishop's pale face. He slept tranquilly. His head had fallen on the pillow in an attitude of untroubled slumber; over the side of the bed hung his hand, ornamented with the pastoral ring. His countenance was lit with an expression of hope and happiness.

For a moment Jean Valjean did not remove his eyes from the face of the old man. Then he walked quickly along the bed straight to the cupboard at its head; the key was in it; he opened it and took the basket of silver, crossed the room with hasty stride, stepped out the window, put the silver in his knapsack, threw away the basket, ran across the garden, leaped the wall like a tiger, and fled.

The next day at sunrise, the bishop was walking in the garden, when Mme. Magloire came running out of the house.



READER'S CHOICE

"The object of modern art is not beauty but life," insisted Victor Hugo. That declaration, issued in 1827, made him leader of the budding Romantic movement in French literature. In plays, lyric poetry, and novels, he swept away the rigid classic forms that had governed writers of his day. Hugo was a courageous dissenter in French politics (living in exile 19 years), and was passionately concerned with social justice. His best-loved novel, *Les Miserables*, reveals the terrible poverty and harsh penal system of France in the 1800s. Hugo enjoyed great popularity during his lifetime (1802-1885), and still is honored as one of France's greatest poets. *The Bishop's Candlesticks*, an excerpt from *Les Miserables*, was suggested for *Reader's Choice* by Mrs. Ida L. Hamlin of Scranton, Pa. To her go our gratitude and the *Reader's Choice* award of $25. Have you sent us your suggestion?—EDS.

"Monseigneur, monseigneur," she cried. "Does your excellency know where the basket of silver is?"

"Yes," said the bishop.

"God be praised," she said. "I did not know what had become of it."

The bishop had just found the basket in a flower bed. He handed it to Mme. Magloire and said, "Here it is."

"But . . . there is nothing in it!" she exclaimed. "Where is the silver?"

"Ah!" said the bishop. "It is the silver then that troubles you. I do not know where that is."

"Good heavens. It is stolen! That man who came last night must have taken it!"

The bishop was silent for a moment, then raising his serious eyes, he said quietly to Mme. Magloire:

"Now, first, did this silver belong to us?"

Mme. Magloire did not answer, and the bishop continued:

"Mme. Magloire, for a long time I have wrongfully withheld this silver; it belonged to the poor. Who was that man? A poor man, evidently."

In a few minutes he was breakfasting with his sister at the same table where Jean Valjean had sat the night before.

Just as the bishop and Mlle. Baptistine were rising from the table there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said the bishop.

The door opened. A strange, unruly group appeared on the threshold; three gendarmes were holding Jean Valjean by the collar. A brigadier of gendarmes appeared to head the group, and advanced toward the bishop giving a military salute.

"Monseigneur," he said . . . .

At this, Jean Valjean raised his head with a stupefied air.

"Monseigneur!" he murmured. "Then it is not the curé!"

"Silence!" said the brigadier. "It is monseigneur, the bishop."

The bishop had risen and walked toward the group.

"Ah, there you are!" he said, looking toward Jean Valjean. "I am glad to see you. But . . . I gave you the candlesticks also, which are silver like the rest, and would bring another 200 francs. Why did you not take them along with your plates?"

Jean Valjean looked at the bishop amazedly.

"Monseigneur," said the brigadier, "then what this man said was true? He was hurrying like a man who was running away, and we arrested him in order to see. In his knapsack he had this silver."

"And he told you," said the bishop, with a smile, "that it had been given him by a good priest with whom he had passed the night. I see it all. And you brought him back here? That was a mistake."

"If that is so," said the brigadier, "we can let him go."

"Certainly," said the bishop.

The gendarmes released Jean Valjean who shrank away from them.

"Is it true that they have let me go?" he asked, in a voice almost inaudible.

"Yes, you can go," said the gendarme. "Don't you understand?"

"My friend," said the bishop, "before you leave, here are your candlesticks. Take them."

HE WENT to the mantelpiece, took the two candlesticks, and handed them to Jean Valjean. The two women beheld the action without a word or gesture that might disturb the bishop.

Jean Valjean was trembling. He took the two candlesticks mechanically.

"Now," said the bishop, "go in peace. And, friend, when you come again, you need not come through the garden; you can always come in and go out by the front door, for it is closed only with a latch, day and night."

Then, turning to the gendarmes, he said:

"Messieurs, you may retire."

The men withdrew.

Jean Valjean looked like a man about to faint. The bishop approached him, and said in a low voice:

"Forget not, never forget that you have promised me to use this silver to become an honest man."

Jean Valjean, who had no recollection of such a promise, stood confused. □

The Wicked Flea

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

During a recent thunderstorm, our four-year-old son climbed onto a chair and watched through the window. With each streak of lightning, a broad smile came over his face. When I asked him to come away from the window, he replied, "Just a minute, Mom. God is trying to take my picture!"
—MRS. J. H. PHILLIPS, *Cambridge, Ohio*

A politician seeking guidance went to talk with the minister of his church.

"Go out into the next rain and lift your eyes toward heaven," said the old pastor. "It will bring you a revelation."

When the politician next met the minister, he said that he had followed the advice. "Certainly no revelation came to me," he added. "In fact, the water ran down my neck and I felt like a fool."

"Well, now," explained the minister, "wasn't that quite a revelation for a first try?"
—MRS. KATHERINE BARTOW, *Cushing, Okla.*

After conducting my first Sunday service as a student pastor at a large country church, I was at the door shaking hands when a young woman came out carrying a baby boy. I told her that was a mighty fine-looking baby she had there. She thanked me for the compliment, then broke into laughter. As a young minister at a strange place, I was so excited I had not even recognized my own seven-month-old son!
—THE REV. W. L. COLE, JR., *Jasper, Ala.*

Remember that church-related chuckle you heard the other day? And the one you just read? How about sending them to TOGETHER? *If we use any one, you'll receive $5 for it. But we can't return any, so no stamps, please.*—EDS.

SELECTED BITS FROM YOUR

She Regrets Incident

MRS. DONNA MYHRE
State College, Miss.

Walter Gearhart, Jr., suggests that Bishops Golden and Mathews should not have gone to "far-off" Mississippi to demonstrate their beliefs. [See *Bishops, Stay Home!* September, page 69.]

His suggestion seems particularly inappropriate because Mr. Gearhart himself, with the help of The Methodist Publishing House and U.S. Post Office Department, is demonstrating his beliefs in places much farther off than Mississippi.

I don't know what logic he used to conclude that the bishops had not noticed conditions in Nashville and Massachusetts, simply because they made one brief trip to Jackson; whatever the logic, it could lead also to the conclusion that Mr. Gearhart has not noticed conditions in Lexington, S.C.

The *Mississippi Methodist Advocate*, much closer to the situation than the gentleman from South Carolina, did not object to the visit by the bishops. Rather, it expressed regret that Methodist bishops had not been welcomed at a Methodist church, a regret which I share.

Redwood Park Not Needed

FRED LANDENBERGER
Eureka, Calif.

As a forester in the heart of the redwood country, I must reply to the letter of Grace T. Lewis [*'Redwoods Are Falling!'* September, page 70].

Mrs. Lewis quotes the U.S. Forest Service as saying that most of the remaining 250,000 acres of virgin redwoods will be gone by 1980. This completely overlooks the fact that some 262,000 acres of redwoods are in public ownership, almost entirely devoted to preservation in state and national parks.

She does not differentiate between the Giant Sequoia and the Coast redwood. More than 98 percent of the sequoias, larger in girth but lesser in height than the Coast redwoods, are in public-park ownership.

An extensive state-park system of some 100,000 acres of Coast redwoods will never be cut. No in-lieu-of-tax system gives local government units any revenue from this land and timber. In fact, this great acreage works a hardship on our local government which must seek revenue from taxation of surrounding private timberland, homes, and businesses.

We do not need a redwood national park. Our state parks serve millions of visitors. Loss of additional land from tax rolls would work added hardship on local communities in the redwood area. Along with thousands of acres presently preserved, more than 1 million acres of rapidly growing young redwood stands will perpetuate the species forever.

Luther for Sainthood?

STACY D. MYERS, JR., *Pastor*
Berwyn, Pa.

The article *Vatican II: The Tide Is at the Flood* [September, page 45] by Dean Cushman is an excellent presentation of the internal and external problems confronting the Roman Catholic Church. It appears that the liberalization party within their ranks is gaining in both number and momentum. Not many years ago we non-Catholics were referred to as heretics; today we are "separated brethren." If this trend continues (and I hope it will), the day may come when our Roman brethren may even canonize Martin Luther.

I would add my prayers to those of Dean Cushman that the flood of liberalism might prevail and lead to true ecumenism and equality in Christ throughout all Christendom.

Light for Protestants

NEVITT B. SMITH, *Pastor*
Tigard, Oreg.

May I express my gratitude for Dr. Robert S. Cushman's splendid article previewing 1964 sessions of the Second Vatican Council? Dr. Cushman has helped us to see the council in the light which ought to illuminate it for serious Protestants.

We're Relevant, He Says

EUGENE L. PRIEST, *Pastor*
Crestline, Ohio

I must confess that I find it difficult to get excited over the arrival of TOGETHER each month. In its attempt to be all things to all men, it becomes very little of anything.

But the September issue was saved from the scrap pile by the inclusion of William Stringfellow's stirring indictment, *Idolatry in Our Churches* [page 14]. Also, the articles on the Vatican Council and school prayer [*Behind the School Prayer Debate*, page 13] gave much-needed perspectives to vital current issues.

Now you are getting relevant!

He Sees 'Racism in Reverse'

J. P. GREENE, *Pastor*
Candler, N.C.

William Stringfellow's article makes me wonder if there are any writers in our church today who are willing even to try to write an honest and fair evaluation of the racial situation.

Everybody seems to be on the same kick: if you want something printed, just give the church hell, criticize, find fault, lay all the blame at the door of the white church and white church members.

Go south, young minister, get arrested, and thou shalt have glory in the northern conference. Publicize the brutality of the white police officers who have to use night sticks, cattle prods, and police dogs to control unruly crowds. Let our hearts all bleed for the poor Negro in Mississippi. But not a word about gangs of Negro hoodlums roaming the streets, burning, looting, beating, shooting, and destroying property.

I am getting sick of the constant barrage of hypocritical racism in reverse coming out of the North. If our church paper is going to print this kind of trash from those who seek to build up their own public image at the expense of racial animosity, then at least it could endeavor to get a more accurate picture of the whole situation.

The church, both north and south, has its faults; it has been derelict in its Christian witness. These things we confess, but this constant carping criticism in such a one-sided manner is no benefit to the church, or to the Negro who suffers the indignity of race prejudice.

Pastor in Sunday Clothes

ROBERT F. THORNTON, *Chaplain*
Eastern State Hospital
Vinita, Okla.

Relative to the article *They Wear Monday Clothes on Sunday* [September, page 1]:

Why doesn't the pastor practice what he preaches? He urges his people to wear Monday's clothes, but he wears his Sunday robe!

He Liked Two Articles

VIRGIL EVANS
Elizabethtown, Ky.

I thought two articles in the September issue were excellent.

They Wear Monday Clothes on Sun-

day certainly does portray the meaning of Labor Day as a Christian church should. I have been in St. Paul's Methodist Church in San Bernardino, and I always found a friendly atmosphere there.

William Stringfellow certainly knows whereof he speaks in *Idolatry in Our Churches.* I have lived in both the North and the South, and I know something of prejudices in both sections of our country. In the South, the Negro has not achieved political freedom that is rightfully his. In the North, the Negro generally has his rights and freedom guaranteed, but he does not have economic freedom and is not welcome in many white Protestant churches.

It is not enough for Northern whites to point an accusing finger to the denial of freedom to Negroes in Mississippi, or for Southern whites to say, "Look at the race riots in the North." Both sections are trying to turn the public eye from their own shortcomings.

I cannot believe that good Negroes are going to be found in one part of heaven and good whites in another. If this should be the case, then I don't want to go there.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION, OCTOBER 1, 1964, (as required by act of October 23, 1962; section 4369, Title 39, United States Code) of TOGETHER, published monthly at 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tennessee 37203, with headquarters and business offices at same address.

Cecil D. Jones certifies that he is Vice-President in Charge of Publishing of said publication and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of ownership, management and circulation of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in caption:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editorial director, editor, and managing editor are:
   Publisher, Lovick Pierce, Nashville, Tennessee 37203
   Editorial Director, Ewing T. Wayland, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068
   Editor, Richard C. Underwood, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068
   Managing Editor, Paige Carlin, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068
2. That the owner is the Board of Publication of The Methodist Church, Inc. d/b/a The Methodist Publishing House.
3. That there are no bondholders, mortgages or security holders.
4. That the printing and circulation is as follows:
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   Single issue nearest filing date 720,000
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   Free distribution—
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   Single issue nearest filing date 44,734
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   Single issue nearest filing date 701,642

She Feels 'Together' With Us

MRS. BERT POWELL
Highland Park, Ill.

The copy of your September issue arrived today with my little anecdote [see *Wicked Flea,* page 20]. I sat down and read me first. And then you.

I have seen many magazines which I ordinarily would not see because of my little essays and stories which they have published. I have never enjoyed one as thoroughly as yours. Your articles are interesting, warm, and thought-provoking, and, in my opinion, nonparochial. I am going to give this copy to my rabbi, particularly for him to read your excerpt from William Stringfellow's book [see *Idolatry in Our Churches,* page 14] and your guest sermon [see *The Puffing Pilgrim,* page 48].

I think TOGETHER is aptly titled. I felt very "together" with you, reading your views and seeing that in "my Father's world," we are, indeed, brothers.

Each Child Is Different

MRS. EVELYN MILLER
Bristol, S.Dak.

Concerning *Is Your Five-Year-Old Ready for School?* [September, page 28]:

In South Dakota, we admit children to first grade when they will be six before November 1. It can and often does happen we have an immature child, not six until late October, in the same class with a mature child, nearly seven when entering first grade. This is why I agree with Martin Tonn that there should be some exceptions. Physical and social maturity must be considered.

I remember one boy who entered first grade with no kindergarten preceding. He was seven the following December. No rhyme, folk song, or story was new to him. His ability was superior, and I am sure that rapid advancement would have been best for him.

Not a Christian Criterion

HAROLD HARTY
Richland, Wash.

The reply of TOGETHER's editors to readers who questioned the propriety of the Beltone lucky-number advertisement may be based on a legal definition of gambling, but it is not a Christian criterion. [See *Letters,* September, pages

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For further information on schools and colleges, see pages 53, 54, and 56 of your October 1964 TOGETHER. For a complete list of Methodist-related secondary schools, colleges, and universities, write to TOGETHER Advertising Department, 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tennessee 37203.

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70-72.] The criterion for TOGETHER's accepting this type of advertisement appears to be whether the "reader was required to risk losing anything to participate."

Our guide should be verses similar to Matthew 5:21 and 28, where the intent and the influence of our actions upon ourselves are the important questions.

The effect of giveaways which involve little or no risk is twofold. First it encourages the idea of something for nothing which Christians need to combat; and second it tends to erase the line between no-risk, little-risk, and greater-risk giveaways. Since gambling is a major problem today, we need to lean over backwards not to compromise our stand on it.

Target Area Hit

WILLIAM HENZLIK, *Pastor*
Prophetstown, Ill.

Your October issue is sure proof that you are hitting in that difficult target area between highly technical explanations of religious concerns and the empty, vapid reports we get in too many popular "religious" magazines.

Focusing on college students in the manner you did will be helpful to many puzzled parents and grandparents who wonder what the "kids were doing down there in Mississippi." [See *Mississippi Summer Project*, page 16.] And, of course, the several other campus-related articles illuminate the new generation of collegians in other ways, too.

The visualization of the shrinking Central Jurisdiction [page 3] helped me as no prose account, though accurately loaded with statistics, could have done. And *Viewpoint* [*Do You Love Your Church Too Much?* page 13] has a biting edge this month.

Annual Attention Called For

RICHARD H. THOMAS, *Chaplain*
The Wesley Foundation
Princeton, N.J.

The October issue of TOGETHER will do a great deal to communicate to our people some of the cultural tensions that are at work in the current student generation. I would hope that your October issue each year would feature some article or comments concerning our campus ministries.

Lament for Methodist Schools

MRS. ARLYNE L. SCHUETT
Waukegan, Ill.

I read with interest your October issue on college students since I have two children of that age group.

My son Jim attends North Park College in Chicago, a school of the Evangelical Covenant Church. He chose this school because of the religious interest shown by the faculty. Student attendance is required at chapel services twice a week, the services being put on by students with adult counsel. Three courses in religion are required for graduation.

My daughter, a high-school senior, would like to attend a Methodist school next year, but one of her friends, a student there, told her, "Judy, you would not be happy here. I know, because I am not. There is nothing to show you are attending a Methodist school. It is left entirely up to the individual whether he attends church or not, and nothing in the line of religion is required of the students." My son is urging his sister to attend North Park, and I concur, even though I would prefer to have my children in Methodist colleges.

Why don't Methodist schools make some religious requirements of their students? So many teen-agers away from home for the first time get weaned away from their faith. North Park offers the opportunity of taking part in gospel teams—groups of four who sing as mixed quartets and also witness to their Christian faith as guests in churches of the area. This is not a plug for North Park but a lament for Methodist schools that they do not do somewhat the same thing. Surely it should mean something different to attend a Methodist school than a state-supported institution.

How Many More Myerses?

THOMAS B. EVERIST
Yardley, Pa.

I would like to get a glimpse of your mailing lists to see how many persons named Myers there are. I need this to gauge how many more letters I may receive from persons who are trying to check their family genealogy to ascertain if a great-great-grandfather was born in Harrisburg, Pa., in early 1800.

That excellent color picture you published with my article [*Those Old-Fashioned Samplers*, October, page 75] is the culprit. With its very legible lettering, it shows very clearly the name Myers. But I have to tell all inquirers the same answer: I have no knowledge whatsoever on family trees. Each sampler probably has changed hands a dozen or more times since it left the original attic.

Boys Learn Sampler Art, Too

MRS. HOWARD SMITH
Haddon Heights, N.J.

A sampler very similar to the large one pictured in your October issue hangs in our living room. It is dated 1835 and was made by my great-great-grandmother. When we first took it apart for cleaning, we discovered it was embroidered on homespun cloth and tacked into the frame with handmade nails.

The art form was taught me by my mother; and since we have no girls in our home, our sons learned the art when very young and will be able to pass it on to the next generation. Girls —and boys—who cannot sew do not know what fun they are missing!

Forthrightness Appreciated

CHARLES KLOSTERMAN, *Pastor Morrison, Ill.*

Permit me to express appreciation for your October issue. Especially worthy of note are your editorial, *Do You Love Your Church Too Much?* [page 13], and the article, *The Local Church* [page 43]. Your willingness to face up to problems in the church and in race relations in such a forthright way is much appreciated.

'An Exceptional Job'

DEAN E. RICHARDSON
Superintendent, Buffalo District Snyder, N.Y.

Somebody did an exceptional job of reporting and editing in your October lead news story, *The New Shape of the Central Jurisdiction* [page 3]. The church needs to know where we stand and that some real progress has been made since General Conference met. I do not know how a more definitive statement could have been made. As you well know, some of us are determined that still further progress can and will be made before 1966.

CAMERA CLIQUE

While you are screening your slides for TOGETHER's current Photo Invitational, *WORK* [see announcement on page 58], you might want to work up a vacation slide show for holiday presentation to your friends.

Editing is the key to a successful show: screen only the best slides, arrange them in chronological order to tell the best story, and limit the number to 36 to 54 for comfortable viewing.

For a professional job, you might make a tape recording of your description; and if you are lucky enough to own a tape recorder with a slide projector synchronizer, you can flip a switch, turn off the lights, and relax in comfort while the projector works on cue.

Music and actual dialogue would be real frosting on the cake to add the quality that will make your show the envy of your friends.

Here are picture credits for this issue:

Cover-Second Cover-Page 1—*Bunte Illustrierte*, from BP Singer Features • 3-18 Top—Wide World Photos • 4—Larry Eisenberg • 8—TRAFCO • 18 Bot.—University of South Dakota • 19 Top—Dick Bandy, *Syracuse Post-Standard*, Bot.—Dale House • 27-28—Robert L. Sands • 33—The Interboard Committees • 35 Bot.—M/Sgt. Renben E. Willis • 48—Cochrane Studio • 51-52-53—Lawrence N. Bessel • 58 Top—Ray Wilson • 66—The Bettmann Archive • 75 Top L.—*Cyclopedia of Methodism*, Top Cen.—*Arminian Magazine*, Top R.—The Epworth Press • 75 Bot.-76-Third Cover—Lowell M. Atkinson • 20-57—George P. Miller.

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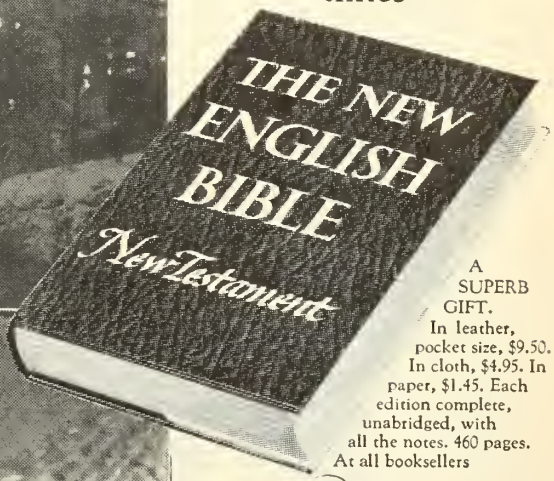

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Christmas With Trimmings

By RUTH SMITH BARON

GRANDMA promised that it was going to be a real, old-fashioned Christmas after all.

She had phoned Christmas Eve, just before the family left for her house, to tell Jimmy not to worry because there was no snow in the city. It was snowing out in her suburb, so Jimmy would have a fine Christmas, with all the trimmings.

As the car crept through traffic, Jimmy was getting impatient to get at the presents stashed in the trunk.

"Well, that's Christmas Eve," said Dad breezily, as they had to stop at a traffic light for what seemed the hundredth time to let a crowd of late shoppers cross.

"I hope Grandma won't be worried because we're so late," said Mom.

Jimmy growled: "Why is the good part of Christmas always so slow in starting?"

Yet it was interesting to watch the people with bundles, and the Salvation Army ladies ringing their bells, and the red and green lights winking, and cardboard people in Santa Claus hats looking out of ads and urging shoppers to buy this or that best gift.

Then the car was creeping through traffic again, now in an unfamiliar part of the city. Jimmy saw an old man stumbling down the sidewalk without an overcoat. As he looked away at a gaily lit drugstore, he caught a glimpse of a boy about his own age.

The boy, with a shoeshine kit slung over his shoulder, was leaning against a lamppost, his cap pulled on at an angle—and he was whistling!

Boy! thought Jimmy. Who could think about shining shoes on Christmas Eve? It made Jimmy feel a little funny about all the presents in the back of the car.

Suddenly the car began to bump and thump. Dad pulled over.

"What now?" asked Mom, sighing.

"Wouldn't you know it!" exploded Dad. "A flat tire!" As the car limped into a gas station close by, Mom put her hand to her forehead.

"Dear," she told Dad. "Will you please go back to that drugstore and get me some headache pills? And while you're there, call Grandma. She'll think we've had an accident."

"I want to go, too," said Jimmy. He hopped out of the car and followed Dad up the street. They passed the drugstore windows with the winking lights and smiling cardboard people. As Dad started to open the door, a small figure appeared in front of them.

"Merry Christmas, folks! Shine, Mister? My rate is lower tonight."

"No, thanks," said Dad in his thinking-about-something-else voice, and went on in.

Jimmy and the shoeshine boy stood for a few moments looking at each other. Jimmy wished he could give the boy those ice skates he knew were in the silver-wrapped package in the car trunk.

The boy offered to give a shoeshine to a couple of other men who brushed past, and then he started off down the street from the direction Jimmy and his dad had come, whistling.

"Hey, Jim," called Dad, coming out of the drugstore. "So here you are." He patted Jimmy's shoulder. "I called Grandma, and she's waiting with a big, fancy dinner. It shouldn't be long before our real, old-fashioned Christmas begins—with all the trimmings."

As they walked back toward the service station they overtook the shoeshine boy.

"Hi, again," said the boy cheerfully. "Sure you don't want a shine, Mister—for Christmas Eve?"

"Dad, why don't we both have a shine?" suggested Jimmy.

"All right," said Dad, smiling. "For Christmas Eve." The boy vigorously burnished each of their shoes.

"OK, Mister. That'll be 15¢ apiece. Usually I charge 20¢. But it's Christmas Eve."

"Why, that's noble of you, young man," said Dad jovially. "And because it's Christmas Eve, here's a dollar bill—and keep the change." The boy shook his head.

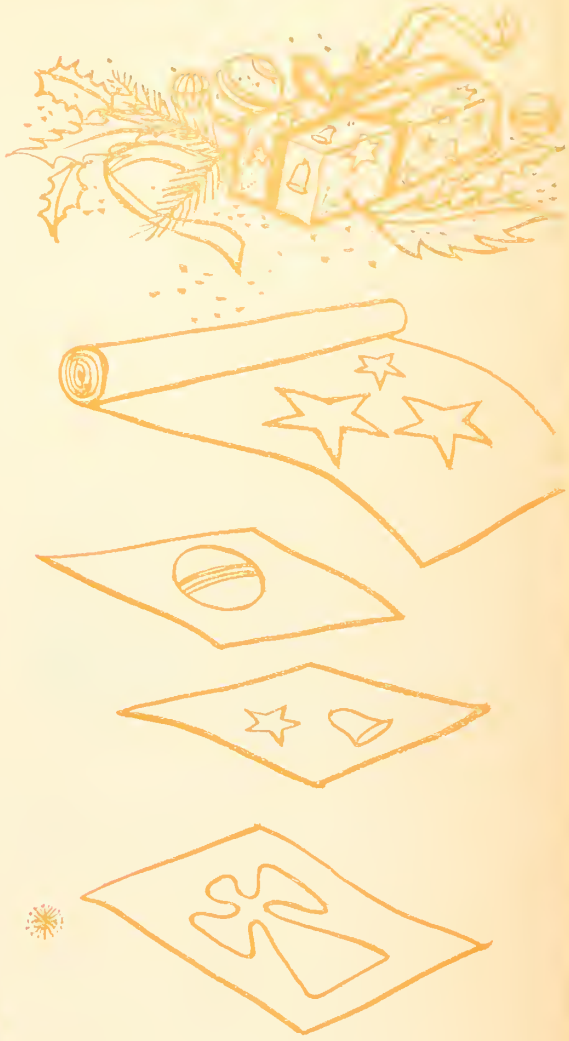
"No, thanks, Mister. That'll be 15¢ apiece, no tip. Let's just say I got the Christmas spirit." The boy grinned.

"I've got change, Dad," offered Jimmy. He dug in his pocket and handed the boy 30¢.

"Thanks," said the boy, "and a real merry Christmas to you." He touched his cap and walked away, whistling *Joy to the World*.

Jimmy watched him a few seconds and then in a low voice, said, "He's having a real, old-fashioned Christmas—without the trimmings." □

Make Your Own Gift Wrap



TO MAKE Christmas gifts more fun to wrap and more fun for others to receive, create your very own wrapping paper by stenciling designs on plain shelf liner.

First make your stencil. Cut one of the square sides from a margarine carton. On the plain side draw a simple design—a Christmas bell, tree, star, or holly leaf. Poke a hole in the center of the design to give your scissors a place to start. Then carefully cut out the design, making the edges as smooth as you can.

Now lay the stencil in place on the shelf paper. Holding it with one hand, color through the hole with crayon, colored pencil, or watercolor. Make all your strokes go in the same direction. Then move the stencil to another spot on the paper and make another design. Repeat the design in rows going straight across or diagonally, or scatter designs gaily all over the paper.

Of course, you can use more than one design on a sheet, and you can combine colors, or add Christmasy drawings to make the paper even more interesting.

—Carol Conner

Gift of Snow

Send me, please,
some fresh new snow
that's feather dry
and paper white.

I will stencil
rows of angels
for the Christ Child
on his night.

—Viola Beach DuGar

Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough, I give thee the right hand of fellowship.
—JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791)

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After-Hour Jottings

The Star of Bethlehem . . . was it bright enough to shine after the sun came up? Did it fade away as soon as its message had reached the shepherds and guided the wise men from afar? We do not know, of course, but the sun has given us some 720,000 dawns since then—such a brief moment in the life of our universe that the One whose birthday we celebrate on December 25 is very close to us in history.

Again this year, many will argue the whys and lament the ways of the modern Christmas, but He is the only reason we do have a Christmas, regardless of whether the stores put up decorations before Thanksgiving or the clang of cash registers sometimes drowns out the carols.

One-boy poll of interesting toys.

The little boy in the picture on page 20 does not know all of this, of course, and he is not versed as yet in the psychology of Christmas toys outlined by ***Jean Wellington*** in *Are Your Child's Toys Creative?* He is ***Bradley Carlin***, age 22 months, son of ***Mr.*** and ***Mrs. Paige Carlin*** of Mount Prospect, Ill., and he is all boy. Although his father is managing editor of TOGETHER, and wanted to show the lad absorbed in creative toys, Bradley first headed straight for the beheaded mechanical man!

Among our contributors . . . We couldn't begin to tell you all we know about the ***Rev. Lowell M. Atkinson***, who dug up the history of Methodism on the island of Antigua, and then went that extra mile to take the photographs on pages 75-76. To list Dr. Atkinson's published articles, the churches he has served, and the honors bestowed upon him would fill several columns this size. It's enough to say that he is the distinguished son of a Methodist minister, has traveled extensively to preach in distant pulpits all over the world (last summer in Durban, South Africa), and at present is pastor of First Methodist Church, Montclair, N.J. Telling us about his visit to Antigua as a guest preacher in each Methodist church, he said:

Dr. Atkinson

"I marveled at the vitality of Methodism in our churches there. At the Gilbert plantation house, I stood on the outdoor steps where Nathaniel Gilbert's preaching to his family and slaves marked the beginning of Methodism in the New World . . . I felt the thrill of this great Methodist heritage as I preached 17 sermons during my 15-day visit and saw the fruits of the inspiration of Wesley and the vision of Coke . . . All Americans should remember Antigua, the first permanent Methodism established in the New World."

It may not have occurred to you that there is a lot of theology in the daily doings of lovable, frustrated, moon-faced little Charlie Brown & Company in the comic strip, *Peanuts*. But ***Robert Short***, author of *Charlie Brown—The Theologian!* [page 43], has explored the theological angles so thoroughly that he has written a book, *The Gospel According to Peanuts*, to be published by John Knox around January 1, 1965. Mr. Short, meanwhile, is working toward a Ph.D. in theology and literature at the University of Chicago. —YOUR EDITORS

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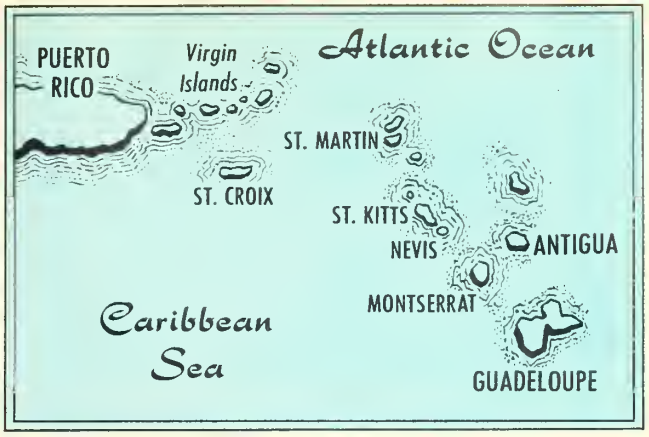
Antigua, in this West Indies island group, is said to have been named by Columbus after a church in Seville, Santa María la Antigua.



ANTIGUA: Cradle of West Indies Methodism

WINDS OF CHANCE may have taken Christopher Columbus to Antigua in 1493, but winds of Providence would help to establish the small Caribbean island as the home of the first permanent Methodist society in the New World 267 years later.

There had been Methodists in America earlier—the Wesleys in Georgia in 1736, George Whitefield in Delaware in 1739, Robert Strawbridge in Maryland possibly as early as 1753. But since Nathaniel Gilbert preached a sermon in Antigua in 1760, British Methodism—with 10 flourishing churches there today—has been firmly and permanently entrenched in the West Indies.

Antigua is a stepping-stone a giant could tread while striding toward Florida across Puerto Rico, Hispaniola, and Cuba. Only 54 miles in circumference, indented with excellent harbors, it has a population of about 55,000 today. St. Johns (population 12,000) is the capital and largest city.

Events that knit the fabric of Methodist history, both British and American, seem to weave a special pattern for this small island. Just as at the Christmas Conference of 1784, when the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized in America, Methodism in Antigua was inspired by John Wesley in far-off England. Nathaniel Gilbert, profoundly moved by Wesley's book *An Appeal to Men of Earnestness and Religion*, made a two-month voyage to England where he met Wesley, heard him preach, and was inspired to carry the message back to family, friends, and slaves on his island home.

Driven off course by a storm, Thomas Coke (left) found John Baxter (center) carrying on Methodist work started in Antigua in 1760 by Nathaniel Gilbert, shown in England (right) with John Wesley.

Gilbert held Methodist services in Antigua until he died 14 years later—and Methodism could have died with him had it not been for two women, a Negro

Baxter, a lay preacher and shipwright, helped develop this fine harbor discovered by Admiral Horatio Nelson.

In the harbor beyond, Dr. Thomas Coke's storm-driven ship found refuge on Christmas morning, 1787—in time for him to preach at John Baxter's 5 a.m. service!

A plaque at Gilbert Memorial Church honors British Methodism's founder in Antigua.

These are typical homes on Antigua, a riverless island whose principal exports are sugar and molasses.

The minister facing this congregation stands upon a stone fro

and a mulatto, who carried on his work until John Baxter, a lay preacher, arrived to work as a shipwright in Lord Nelson's Antigua dockyard. Baxter was the founding father of St. Johns' Ebenezer Methodist Church which today has 1,000 members.

Other Methodist pioneers also found their way to this speck of an island in a sunny sea. Prof. Marvin E. Harvey, an authority on the lay ministry of Capt. Thomas Webb in America [see *He Was Our No. 1 Layman,* October, 1963, page 26], notes that the one-eyed, swashbuckling Redcoat was married in 1772 to one Grace Gilbert of Antigua. "She was," old records reveal, "the daughter of Mr. Gilbert...a man of as much real worth and perhaps of more understanding of literature than falls to one millionth part of mankind."

So effective was Baxter's lay preaching that the first General Conference of American Methodism in

where Nathaniel Gilbert first preached 204 years ago.

1784 ordained him an elder even in his absence.

But three years later the winds of chance blew again—this time while Dr. Thomas Coke, who had been Wesley's personal representative at the Christmas Conference, was aboard ship bound for Nova Scotia with three other preachers. A storm drove their ship 2,000 miles off course—to Antigua. John Baxter, on his way to preach in the dim light of Christmas morning, met the four strangers coming up from the harbor into the town, and promptly enlisted Dr. Coke to preach at the 5 a.m. service. To this day, an early Christmas service commemorates the event.

In 1962, Dr. Lowell M. Atkinson, pastor of First Methodist Church, Montclair, N.J., visited the island and made a penetrating study of the history of early Methodism there. He took the pictures on these pages, and contributed most of the background for the accompanying textual material. —H. B. Teeter

British Methodism's new church at Liberta is one of 10 flourishing on Antigua's 108 square miles.

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